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THE
ART-JOURNAL.



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3. HAGAR AND ISHMAEL. Engraved by J. H. BAKER, from the Bas-relief by E. S. BARTHOLOMEW.

	PAGE		PAGE
1. NOMENCLATURE OF PICTORIAL ART. By J. B. PYNE	97	11. CREATION OF A MUSEUM OF MANUFACTURED STUFFS AT LYONS	116
2. NATIONAL PORTRAIT-GALLERY	99	12. CONVERSATIONS AT BRIGHTON	117
3. FOUNTAIN AT MADRID	100	13. THE STEREOSCOPE. By R. HUNT, F.R.S. <i>Illustrated</i>	118
4. SUGGESTIONS OF SUBJECT TO THE STUDENT IN ART. BY AN OLD TRAVELLER	101	14. THE NATIONAL INSTITUTION. EXHIBITION 1856	121
5. BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER. No. XIII. C. R. LEBLIE, R.A., <i>continued. Illustrated</i>	105	15. THE CRIMEAN EXHIBITION	123
6. WINCHESTER COLLEGE. <i>Illustrated</i>	108	16. ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES	123
7. THE HOME OF PAUL POTTER. By F. W. FAIRHOLE. <i>Illustrated</i>	110	17. ART IN THE PROVINCES	124
8. MODERN PAINTERS	113	18. GENEVIEVE OF BRABANT	124
9. PICTURE SALES	115	19. EXETER HALL ON THE ELEVENTH OF MARCH	124
10. HAGAR AND ISHMAEL	116	20. THE ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT FUND	125
		21. MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH	126
		22. REVIEWS	127

THE EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL VOLUME OF THE ART-JOURNAL commenced with the January Monthly Part of that Work; but our Subscribers have been made aware that in consequence of our arrangement to issue a NEW SERIES—such New Series beginning with the Royal Gallery—the aforesaid Part is made to commence

VOL. II. OF THE NEW SERIES;

the Part for January, 1856, being the Thirteenth Monthly Part.

The volumes from 1849 to 1854, inclusive, contain the series of the "Vernon Gallery;" this series is also so arranged as to be "complete in itself," and those who obtain these five volumes will not necessarily require the volumes preceding:

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Our Subscribers will, we trust and believe, find that we have made many arrangements for the conduct of the ART-JOURNAL with that energy and industry to which we owe its prosperity. We shall labour to continue in that useful course which, we may without presumption assert, has been fruitful of much good to British Art in its higher as well as in its comparatively humbler departments. We obtain continual evidence of the increasing estimation in which the subject is held, and of the continually augmenting numbers of those who feel interest in it; more than that, "the commercial value of the Fine Arts" is now an admitted fact, and we have a right to expect a proportionate success to a Journal which stands alone, not only in England, but in Europe, as their representative. Eighteen years is a long period to have laboured: the consciousness that we have not laboured in vain is a large reward: and the ordinary recompense cannot have failed to accompany it.

Our study ever has been, and ever will be, to render the ART-JOURNAL an associate almost indispensable to the Artist, the Manufacturer, the Artisan, the Amateur, and, in short, to all lovers of Art.

It will be our duty to pay minute and careful attention to the wants and wishes of Manufacturers, and frequently to report their progress. We are fully aware that in this important feature of the Journal consists its larger utility, and that from this source the public have derived especial benefit.

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We reply to every letter, requiring an answer, that may be sent to us with the writer's name and address; but we pay no attention to anonymous communications.

The Office of the Editor of the ART-JOURNAL is 4, Lancaster Place, Waterloo Bridge, Strand, where all Editorial communications are to be addressed. Letters, &c., for the Publishers, should be forwarded, as usual, to 25, Paternoster Row.

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THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, APRIL 1, 1856.

NOMENCLATURE
OF PICTORIAL ART.*

BY J. B. PYNE.

THE BEAU-IDEAL.



Bf this subject be approached through the web of contradictory opinion, which entangles rather than illustrates it, or through those more subtle complicated disquisitions which attempt

to obliterate all primary and common-sense appreciation of things in the gloom of a logical negation, it were hopeless, in any limited space, to attempt a disentanglement.

For the Art-loving world it is unfortunate, and for the Art-student more so, that the beau-ideal should remain a vexed question. The world, in general, is the more fortunate of the two, for throwing aside doubt and disquisition, and refusing to complicate a subject of apparently the utmost simplicity, it at once saves its time, avoids trouble, and enjoys its beauty; lives in happiness and dies under the full persuasion that though deformity may occasionally obtrude itself on the attention, beauty may always be had for the searching, and whose beau-ideal is a reality exactly commensurate with its experience.

With the student it is quite otherwise. His aspirations push him continually onwards. His experience should extend to the ultimate experience, and his productions be transcendental.

If the world is perfectly agreed as to the existence of beauty, and its climax in the beau-ideal, readily assenting to it when discoverable in works, and only disputing as to its degree, it is sufficient. Less knowledge would not decrease its happiness, and more might not augment it. The enthusiastic student however may not in commencing his artistic career be satisfied with this state of things. They are not sufficient for his purpose, which is ever onward, deriving sustenance on his route from all sources; at first indiscriminately and wildly, and followed by many derangements of his mental digestion.

There is then much unassimilable reading matter to be waded through on the subject in hand; sufficient, indeed, to try the strength of the finest mental digestion, to avert a taste of originally pure and correct bias, and warp a judgment from its first fresh healthy and vigorous conclusions.

One theory contends for the actual separate existence in the eternal order of things of such qualities as beauty and deformity.

Another denies altogether the actual

existence of beauty and deformity as distinct and separate qualities, and would attribute the perception of them to association alone.

A third theory—a kind of “*juste milieu*” between the irreconcilable antagonism of the first two—admitting the actual separate existence of beauty, would account for its presence by an universally accompanying fitness: a fitness of parts with a whole, and a whole with external conditions.

There may possibly be other links or grades of opinion serving to bring more closely together these three great salient points, but as they may not be able to extend the subject on either one side or the other, so they could not open up new ground for reflection; but as they are, must be considered to embrace the whole field of opinion upon which the war about beauty has been and will have to be contested.

Nor should a man be vain enough to imagine that with a dash of the pen or the best arranged discourse he might be able to settle the question. If it were an affair of numbers, weight, or measurement, of colour, of force, of solidity or liquidity, it had been settled long ago. If it were a matter of commercial or productive import, the want of which should be felt by the million, with a profit of twopence-halfpenny a yard or a penny a pound, obscurity had vanished almost before it were felt to be obscure. But as it is a matter wide a-field of these things, felt only as a want by the few instead of the millions, in an age far in advance of the age of animal wants and the actual necessities, it must still wait its solution. We have arrived at the age of luxury, it must perhaps wait its final solution in an age of refinement.

It may be questioned, then, “why write,” “why discourse,” and it can only be answered that to do both one and the other are instances of the purest natural egotism, in which the speaker or writer would register himself in his opinions; addressing himself virtually to his peers though ostensibly to the whole world. He does so by way of advertisement for the discovery of a mental relative with whom he may well sift a subject in which both may be equally interested. And these stray lines are thrown together as much to arrive at self-assurance as to the soundness of his own views as with any idea of being able to seriously influence any preconceived theory of his fellows.

There are many considerations which involve the improbability that the principles connected with beauty and the beau-ideal will yet be solved, or if solved be generally acknowledged.

Some works possessing the beau-ideal to a great extent have however been produced, and many more still which have an undisputed title to the beautiful, both intensely appreciated; the one attributed to fine taste and knowledge, and the other to a divine inspiration: and the latter flattering though vague and unsubstantial reception will continue to be given to all works of rare elevation of thought, though they may be like all the present known instances of the beau-ideal—derivable entirely from a high type of Nature itself.

The position of this beau-ideal, standing isolated at the very head of human form, and illustrating what may be considered to be the Creator's first design as to its highest possibilities, throws it far in advance of the wants that agitate the mind of a people, and hence the obscurity that involves the subject, the wonder at its occasional production, and the flattering inapplicability of the language resorted to in its description.

But before losing sight of the subject in

premature digression, though without entering into a full disquisition, for which there is no space, it were well to canvas slightly those opinions, already stated as dividing the attention of the student regarding the material separate existence of beauty and deformity. As without this material existence the fight is comparatively for a shadow, but with it, for a glorious reality, worthy alike the consideration of the Art-lover, the statesman, and the philosopher.

To clear the ground of all rubbish and impediments that obscure a fair view of the object in question, and to render it open to the gradual advance of common sense and simple reason, it will be necessary at once to discard from the mind every notion of those sublime logical absurdities, those curiosities in the perversion of language that would deny existence to those things of whose presence every sense vouchsafed to man attests the actual identity; to receive at once those things as real, to whose reality the senses testify.

Thus, then, I think it necessary at once to accept the first proposition mentioned, which asserts “the actual separate existence in the eternal order of things, of the qualities of beauty and deformity,” taking deformity in the sense of the ugly, and in which sense it will always be used in this paper. If there be allowed any point of dispute on such a subject, let it merely be the “why such beauty,” and the “wherefore such deformity,” and not as to the actuality of either one or the other. Without this fair starting-post the race is for nothing, the runners fools, A No. 1. The umpires humbugs, with themselves only for a course, and a sham triumph of emptiness. Asserting broadly what is beauty, under the shelter of a definition of the character of the extinct school, it is that which is furthest removed from what is universally allowed to be deformity; and *vice versa* with deformity. But there is no need of such a definition except by way of general summary, its constituents being tolerably well determined in the general mind.

In form it would be defined to be the greatest possible amount of variety dominated by harmony, which again would be defined as relationship and opposition with subordination. As regards its variety, not that sudden hectic and wild dissimilarity of parts that would contain the longest with the shortest, the roundest with the flattest, the most pointed with the most indented, but a variety founded on affinities, the culminating illustration of which may nowhere be found in an equal degree with the form of Man himself, who displays, both in structure and movement, a category of all the varieties of form distributed, in a less degree, through all other objects in nature.

The best collateral evidence of this constituency of beauty may be had in the comparison of some of these other less beautifully developed objects in nature, objects of a less complicated structure with a less number of parts; as constituting, by their greater simplicity, a more easily to be determined character.

The second theory, which “denies altogether the actual separate existence of beauty and deformity as distinct and separate qualities, and would attribute their perception to association alone,” can hardly be disposed of in so summary a manner as the first. An artist cannot do so; his business is with life and reality, and it is as much as may be expected of him if, in the liberality of his temperament, he may be able to attribute to fair and just motives the attempt to disintegrate from the actualities of nature,

* Continued from p. 199, vol. for 1855.



some of its noblest and most beautiful identities. It is as much as may be required of him if, in due consideration for the egotism of a professional obliquity, he excuse a man whose business may be writing alone (and which business of writing allows of an impalpable subject for illustration), for a proneness to make most things impalpable, ideal and associative, but he cannot be expected to go further, nor pin his faith to so slender a tissue. Neither need he throw down his familiar instruments, whether they be pencil or chisel, and assume the stranger pen to confute theories which would assume to weaken the appeals of his pursuit to the human mind. He may cut down such theories with the chisel, or paint them out with the brush. He may perhaps do either one or the other more easily than write them down. An artist would, by way of argument, most readily allow of the infancy of Art altogether, from its noblest achievements to its humblest. And if logical precision or cunning be capable in the present state of the science of ignoring an universally acknowledged identity, it is rather a proof of the possible infancy also of logic itself, or of language, than of the destruction of such an identity, which must still remain an identity intact in the mind, from a more than faith superinduced by the senses. In the present instance such a more than faith does not in any way necessitate the entire absence of association, which may have its full play in augmenting a secondary class of beauty to the same level with one of a first class. But it is submitted that association alone can no more create a first class of beauty, any more than the smell of a kitchen may be able to realise a first-class dinner, or the effects of one.

But throwing aside this mischievous misuse of logic, the science by itself may be allowed to be perfect; and if limited in its application to subjects of utility, one of the utmost importance to be preserved in its utmost integrity. Logic however has its limits as clearly marked as any other science; for instance, it is not strictly of an initiative character, and follows rather than leads. It cannot go far enough to grasp with first causes, but must wait for previously acquired knowledge upon which to work out its searching precision; its province is in secondary causes, and is powerless when attempted to be carried further. Its only further power is one of a more curious and negative class than otherwise. It is capable of curbing the too arrogant and speculative mind, and defying it to prove to a demonstration that of which it has not previously acquired the true knowledge, and in this regard has its uses.

The human mind, however, being of an essentially initiative character, will no more be content to rest satisfied under the knowledge only of secondary causes, than a colony may be content to rest satisfied with anything less than the possession of the whole of a continent.

Under the far-stained and perverted powers of logic, one is denied the right of proving the existence of man. Man's existence a negation, beauty resolves itself into a nonentity, and there remains you may say—in an equally fair mode of reasoning—nothing but the logician himself accompanied by his perversity. But the logician himself thus remaining is by the process identified, and becomes a nucleus around which other existences may establish themselves, and amongst them perhaps even beauty.

Logic is the arithmetic of language, and a very complete one; the accounts in which it is used are kept by double entry, and

bear a balance on their face of *all we know*; but at the same time it does not represent the *all we have*, for which we are indebted to a more comprehensive and liberal process. The more purely initiative intellect of the world, in the use of this more comprehensive process, is at work far away beyond the trodden paths, labouring with untired courage and daring on the very verge of that darkened abyss which separates the known from the unknown. One ventures into space and brings back a star, another acquires a continent, a third an art, the last of which importations, in its present form, that of photography, is enriching and entertaining the world with pictures which produced in a single instant, require the strongest microscopic powers to thoroughly develop, and any amount of time to thoroughly examine.

Form itself appreciated under the terms of the second theory denying "the actual separate existence of beauty and deformity," would be an instance of the reproduction of that dark abyss which separates the known from the unknown, the dispersal of which is grandly shadowed forth as the first act of Omnipotent creation; and a mind incapable of seeing throughout the whole universe of form, anything of sufficient intelligence to rank itself at once at the head of all such antagonistic qualities, as grandeur, simplicity; beauty, deformity; strength, weakness; harmony and discord; must be in itself a stagnant well of darkness, of doubt, and of deformity: one constituted on the experience of four senses, with the crowning glory of vision in abeyance.

In the face of that high and universal presence of intelligent form, rounding as it does the infinite separate existences in nature; as distinct in its minute as in its most colossal modes; it is impossible to force the mind by any act of reason to ignore its intentionality, or to doubt that amongst it—accompanied by proportion—a true beauty exists without the aid of association or egotism, which may—by way of admission only—render an object more beautiful to one individual than another; and even more beautiful at one time than another: the last case entirely depending on the varying degrees of activity or supineness of the same reflective mind at different times.

It should not be a difficult matter in answer to this beauty-denouncing theory, to prove the intelligent character of form by a slight survey of its universality.

The first act of creation was in the substitution of form for chaos; and all its subsequent acts are the additions of so many new forms; proportion itself being nothing more than subdivisional separations of form by other forms, components of the first matter of form.

For as far as the mind is able to possess itself of the knowledge of things as they are, does it become the more impossible to imagine that the Creator—in commencing with form—did not begin with the most essential quality of things, and that had creation—as regards the external world—gone no further, man would not have had to complain of any essential wants. This has been so frequently and so distinctly felt that we frequently hear the opinion, that the unessential colour is in effect a proof that the great aim of creation was that of producing the greatest possible amount of variety. This, if to any extent true, appears to be a merely putting the cart before the horse. The self-evident intent of creation would perhaps be more truly given, by stating that creation, in adjusting an infinite number of things to an infinite number of

ends and uses, has projected an infinite number of forms admirably adapted to them, and that hence has occurred the infinite variety; so full in itself, that more than satisfying man's wants and expectations, leaves him at a loss to discover the motive for such an apparent waste of form and colour, and leads him on a wrong scent in accounting for them.

We find, also, an admirable harmony and genial agreement between the Mosaic account of creation, and what may be called the revelation of geology in the order of that creation. We first find the acts of creation first merging into light and intelligence on the grandest scale, such as in the great globe itself indicated as a mass of waters. "*And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.*"

After the rising of the land above the surface of this profound solitude of water, we find creation occupied in calling into existence the simplest and less complicated forms of animal life: proceeding gradually through the more complicated winged tribes, the vegetable, the terrestrial animal, and only, as an ultimate act, producing Man with a completeness and variety such as to offer in itself alone a fair constructive balance to all the rest of creation besides.

The gift of the whole of this previous creation to man is more than an indication of the perfect equilibrium existing between the two. And as fair an indication that, being presented with an even balance-sheet on entering life in the world, he may be required to produce as fair a balance upon leaving it.

If it be still possible to doubt that amongst this infinity of varying form there is included an ultimate beauty, and that such beauty has always, amongst other qualities, been present in the scheme of the Creator, it is only necessary to contemplate the added infinite variety of colour to turn the mind from its doubt, and permanently fasten upon it the more healthy conviction that beauty reigns in different degrees at, and as the head of every definite class of things; and that by comparing classes, and placing that which includes Man at the head of all others, the *highest possibilities of the human form realise in its ultimate fulness an instance of the beau-ideal.*

While feeling that every class is capable of maintaining beauty at the head, it is easy to allow that it permits deformity at the base. It would appear that the very nature of things insists on this conclusion. The infinite variety includes infinite difference and separation. This difference and separation may not be utility and inutility, as universal fitness and utility are more conspicuously clear and defined in the works of nature than any other quality; that is, they are *universal*, as they never vary, but attach equally to things beautiful as to things deformed. We say a thing must either be more or less useful, or more or less ornamental. As this infinite variety and difference does not affect the useful things are all useful, but more or less ornamental, and hence *beauty and deformity.*

It is inadmissible to speak of the works of Nature upon the same terms as of the works of Man. Of the latter, it may be said that some are neither useful nor ornamental; and I should therefore say of that theory which would dethrone beauty in the world and place her at arms under the varying caprice of a well-informed or ill-informed associativeness, that it is neither useful nor ornamental; but most gratuitously mischievous, as calculated to retain a base

mind in its original coldness, and as offering some plausibly philosophic grounds for lowering the generous and grateful warmth of a great one. Though not coming under the strict definition of beautiful, as being imperceptible to vision, there are other qualities applicable by other senses not entirely irrelevant, as thus belonging to the beneficent side of the nature, and have consequently a certain amount of affinity with the beautiful. Textural smoothness, elasticity, softness, and warmth, have all their value in heightening the impression of an appreciated beauty.

Reasoning on the constitution of the mind, and the several causes contributing more immediately to the development of its various sentiments, feelings, and passion, we find that it would never ascend to so high a one as love without the presence of beauty. And by analogy, on the general scheme of creation, in which nothing is left undone which tends to high purpose, we must admit at once that the world is wondrously full of beauty. Some will say that certain minds are so full of love that they include the whole world as the object of this passion. But it would, perhaps, be safer, in this instance, to call this passion feeling, and pronounce this feeling benevolence, as, if tested severely, it would be found to fall far short of that passion which absorbs all others in its glow, as the sun absorbs all other modes of light in its effulgence. It will be therefore safe to conclude that, as creation had so universally elaborated the susceptibility to this passion, it has been no less liberal in the distribution of its most essential aliment—under the numerous forms of beauty—for its eternal sustenance.

Thus the mind, while instinctively but unconsciously weighing the different gifts of creation, will be found as unresistingly possessed by the following feelings: gradually ascending with the gradually extending benefits; commencing with the simplest contentment in return for the mere privilege of life and wherewithal to live, and grandly terminating in veneration of the Creator for that extension of the boon in which the mind finds itself still better provided than the body.

Thus, uncivilised man in the possession of the merely necessary, remains *contented*;—with the useful, he becomes *grateful*; the arts, science, and luxury excite his *admiration*; beauty and refinement, his *love*; and under a true appreciation of the essence of Deity, in which his own mind expands with his gradually expanding knowledge, his soul fuses in *veneration*.*

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

On the evening of March 4th, the Earl of Stanhope introduced into the House of Lords a measure for the formation of a National Portrait Gallery. From no one, either in the House of Peers or out of it, could such a proposition have emanated with better grace, or with a greater chance of the arguments in its favour receiving that attention which they deserve. His lordship, as the historian Lord Mahon, has a high name in the literary world; and his pursuits naturally incline him to feel a warm interest in the project he has undertaken to advocate—an interest, however, which ought to be, and doubtless is, shared by every intellectual member of the community at large. There are difficulties, as the Earl of Ellenborough and other noble lords remarked in the course of the debate which followed Lord Stan-

hope's proposal, in creating such a gallery of portraits as England ought to possess: but let us once have a suitable building for its reception, and ways and means will, we are confident, not be wanting to decorate it with the "forms and lineaments" of those who are worthy of being found there: the greatest difficulty will be in making such a selection. The motion was agreed to without a dissentient voice; and we are sure our readers, who may not have found opportunity to read Lord Stanhope's speech, introductory of the motion, as reported in the daily papers, will thank us for enabling them to do so in our own columns: we print it as reported in the *Times*, and it will well repay perusal for the truth of the arguments, and the eloquence with which they were supported. We should also have been well pleased to have followed it by Lord Ellenborough's sensible speech, but our space will not permit us to do so.

"Earl Stanhope said that, in rising to bring forward the motion of which he had given notice for the gradual formation of a gallery of portraits, he begged to explain that this question was not altogether new to Parliament. Four years since, just before the last general election, and while he was a member of the House of Commons, he introduced this project in a conversation on the miscellaneous estimates. A right hon. gentleman who represented the Government at that time—it was the Government of the noble earl (Derby)—expressed himself in approving terms of that proposal. Other members expressed the same approbation, and he was so far encouraged as to give notice that, if he had the honour of a seat in the next House of Commons, he would bring the matter forward as a substantive motion. He was not able to fulfil that pledge, because, as it chanced, he had not the good fortune to obtain a seat; but now, although in another place, he would endeavour to redeem his pledge. He thought he could not better introduce this question to their lordships than by asking the greater number of them to recall to mind what they had seen in the galleries of foreign countries. Many among their lordships must have felt no small degree of weariness and disgust on passing through an almost interminable line of tawdry battle scenes of the largest dimensions at Versailles. Many of these battle scenes would no doubt recall the words of a modern author, who had described them as 'acres of spoilt canvass.' Many such acres of spoiled canvass presented themselves upon the walls of Versailles; but their lordships would also recollect the great pleasure, and as it were refreshment, with which they had passed from all these tawdry battle pieces and pageants into a smaller gallery, less gorgeously decorated, and containing excellent contemporary portraits of French celebrities. Few Englishmen could have been at Versailles without wishing that in our own country the errors of the larger gallery should be avoided, and the small gallery not only adopted but further extended. In this country the portraits of our great historical characters were very numerous. He doubted, indeed, whether in any country this class of portraits so much abounded, but they were scattered far and wide—many of them in country houses and in private collections; and it was only now and then that a single portrait or a whole collection was exposed for sale. There were many advantages to be derived from forming such a gallery. The main recommendation was, that it would afford great pleasure and instruction to the industrious classes. It would also be a boon to men of letters."

After quoting the opinion of Mr. T. Carlyle on the importance of the subject, his lordship proceeded:—

"He thought the testimony of so gifted a man as Mr. Carlyle should be allowed to stand alone, though he could easily accumulate other authorities. It might be shown also that the formation of such a gallery would be of very great importance in the promotion of Art. It would be of immense advantage to portrait painters to be able to see in a collected form a series of portraits of men famed in British

history, from the first rude attempts of panel painting, in the thirteenth or fourteenth century, down to the finished works of Reynolds and Lawrence. It would enable them to soar above the mere attempt at reproducing a likeness, and to give that higher tone which was essential to maintain the true dignity of portrait painting. But to historical painters such a collection would be of still greater value. Their lordships would no doubt recollect two great pictures—'The Execution of Montrose' and 'The Last Sleep of Argyll'—for which a friend of his, Mr. Ward, had received commissions. Mr. Ward had told him that it was scarcely possible to conceive how much difficulty he had met with in ascertaining the correct likeness, and the dress, and the decorations of the time, in preparing those two pictures. In a letter to Mr. Sydney Herbert, in January last, upon a proposal to purchase a picture of Sir Walter Raleigh for the National Gallery, Sir Charles Eastlake, the President of the Royal Academy, said:—

"I thank you for your information about the portrait of Sir Walter Raleigh. . . . For the National Gallery it is not, I think, adapted. But whenever I hear of portraits for sale, of historical interest, I cannot help wishing that a gallery could be formed exclusively for authentic likenesses of celebrated individuals, not necessarily with reference to the merits of the works of Art. I believe that an extensive gallery of portraits, with catalogues containing good and short biographical notices, would be useful in many ways, and especially as a not unimportant element of education."

After such testimony it was not necessary to say more in proof of the advantages which would accrue to Art from the establishment of such a gallery as he had suggested. But there was another mode in which, he thought, it would be valuable. It would be useful as an incitement to honourable exertion. They all remembered the exclamation ascribed to Nelson, just before the battle of the Nile—'A coronet, or Westminster Abbey.' Of a coronet he would say nothing, lest he should be supposed to desire to revive recent debates; and, with respect to a place in Westminster Abbey, it was as difficult to attain as a seat in their lordships' house. If the thought of a tomb in Westminster Abbey was so inspiring to such a mind as Nelson's, at so great a moment, would not the same effect have been produced by the thought of one day occupying a place in the collection of portraits of his country's worthies? The hope of honourable distinction served at all times as an incentive to exertion. In the emphatic words of one of the wisest and most sagacious men that ever lived, *contemptu famæ contemni virtutes*. He had spoken of the advantages from such a scheme. Their lordships had a right to require, and it was his duty to show, by what particular means those advantages were to be secured. He should be sorry if the execution of the project were postponed until a new National Gallery was erected. To plan, and still more to construct, a National Gallery must be a work of time, and if the gallery were ready now, to place there the few pictures which at first could be obtained would give an appearance almost unsightly. He hoped her Majesty's Government would assign some temporary apartments, either in Marlborough House or in the Palace of Westminster for the purpose, and then the scheme could at an early period be commenced. The supply of portraits would depend on two sources—purchases and presents. It would, of course, be necessary to establish some authority which should direct purchasers and consider offers of presents. It would be of the greatest importance that anybody exercising that authority should possess sufficient discernment to make proper purchases and also a power of refusal in cases of offers of portraits, the reception of which in a national collection would not be warranted by the importance of the persons represented. Such a body actually existed in the Fine Arts Commission which was established by Sir R. Peel in the first year of his Administration, under whose direction and supervision most of the decorations of the palace in which their lordships were assembled had been executed. The marble statues which ornamented one of the halls of that house had been placed there

* To be continued.

under the authority of that commission, of which Prince Albert, distinguished for his love and patronage of Art, was chairman, and Sir C. Eastlake was secretary. The commission had first to consider upon historical grounds who should be the persons selected; next to consider upon artistic grounds what sculptors should be entrusted with the execution of the statues; and they had also generally to superintend and direct the progress of the work. He thought that commission might be safely allowed to continue its functions, and even to extend them in the direction which he proposed. Adverting to the question of expense, it would, of course, be a matter for the House of Commons to consider what should be the annual vote for such a purpose; but he was inclined to believe that a building once obtained; a very moderate sum would suffice to provide the portraits worthy of being placed in it. He thought a yearly sum of 500*l.* would be adequate, although, perhaps, for the first year, a sum of 1000*l.* might be necessary; but it must be clearly understood that, in the event of the purchases made in any one year not requiring the whole sum voted by Parliament, the balance should remain as a fund for future purchases, as opportunities might occur, works of Art not being always in constant supply. It might be necessary for him to give some grounds for his belief that much might be done, even with the very moderate sum he had mentioned; and therefore he would state a few cases of remarkable portraits sold for small sums during the last few years. He had been present when a full-length portrait of Mr. Pitt by Gainsborough, an undoubted original, was sold by auction for 100 guineas. He might also mention a portrait of Chatham, of whom only three portraits were known to exist, which was sold to Sir R. Peel for 80 guineas. About eleven years ago the portrait of Blackstone, an engraving of which appeared in all editions of the learned judge's "Commentaries," was sold for 80 guineas; and an original portrait of Mr. Percival was purchased by the late Sir R. Inglis for 40*l.* Those instances justified him in believing that with a very moderate sum of money a valuable collection of national portraits could be formed, but undoubtedly the body to whom the duty of expending that money should be intrusted ought to exercise its power with care and discernment. Another part of its duties would consist in deciding upon offers of presents which might be made. He believed from that source many valuable portraits might be expected, for since he had given notice of his motion several noble peers had told him they were willing to make presents to a national collection. When it was remembered how many of their lordships were descended from men famous in the history of this country, it was not unreasonable to expect valuable contributions from those who possessed, as many did, four or five portraits of their eminent ancestors, and the honour of having a place assigned to such portraits in a national collection would be great incentive to such liberality. There might be other cases, too, where persons possessing valuable portraits had no convenient place for them in their own houses, and who would willingly bestow them on a national collection such as he suggested. The most careful supervision, however, would be required in deciding upon the acceptance or refusal of the offers of presents which would be made to the body exercising the supreme control. He attached the greatest importance to the power of refusal, and believed the whole success of the undertaking would depend upon the proper exercise of that power, for if they admitted into a national collection portraits of those who possessed no adequate claim to such honour the inevitable consequence would be that the gallery would be deprived of all the distinction which he wished to see attached to it. The power of refusal must therefore be necessarily exercised in many cases, and should be facilitated by a rule that in no case should the portrait of any living individual be admitted into the gallery which he wished to see founded. He proposed that three-fourths of the votes of the committee of selection should be necessary for the acceptance and detention of a portrait,

so as to have it hung upon the walls of the gallery. There was another question—namely, whether the superintending body ought not to be allowed the power of parting with duplicates? Suppose a present of a portrait sent to the gallery, and that there was in the gallery at that time a portrait of the same person at the same time of life, and, in fact, a kind of counter-part, it might be then in the power of the committee to receive the present, and to dispose of the portrait which they already possessed. But these were points of detail with which it was not necessary to detain their lordships. He proposed to give a general power to the superintending body to receive presents. He felt sure that a beginning would soon be made. If only a temporary apartment were erected, and only a grant of 1000*l.* were made on the estimates of this year, he ventured to say the whole thing would be done; his opinion being, that such would be the popular favour with which this gallery would be regarded, that there would be no want of portraits, but that donations would come in in such considerable numbers, that there would be no fear of the failure of the scheme. He only desired to see the project commenced. There were two collections of portraits in this country, about which it might be expected he should say something. It was some time ago thought that they might form the foundation of a portrait gallery, such as he had described, out of the collections at Hampton Court and the British Museum, but there were obstacles to both. With regard to Hampton Court, he should be sorry to diminish the inducement to make a summer's holiday, excursion to see the pictures there, especially as regarded those who were confined within the walls of London during the greater part of the year. With respect to the British Museum, there were some portraits there, some of which were curious and some valuable, but many of them were ill-placed. Some persons proposed to transfer the whole of this collection to a national gallery of portraits, but he did not think the whole of them would be worthy of a place there. It would be necessary to make a selection, and take the best and leave the worst. . . . He supposed it was unnecessary for him to state that in the proposed collection it should be a fundamental condition that none but authentic portraits should be admitted, and that there should be no such imaginary characters as they saw on the walls of Holyrood House, where there was a long line of Scottish kings, all assumed to be painted before the art of oil-painting was known in this country. All such imaginary portraits, he repeated, ought to find no place in the proposed gallery. He thought he had now gone through all the principal considerations which he had wished to suggest to their lordships, and it only remained for him to apologise for having so long detained their lordships. But he thought that these questions were interesting to a great body of persons. When they considered the great number of their countrymen who were struggling in the various walks of Art, and intent on that rugged path that led to fame, he thought that some mark of sympathy and some encouragement should be given to their exertions. Depend upon it, the time was past when, considering the education of the people of this country, they could disregard the refining influence of Art. This truth was every day becoming more widely understood and acknowledged—that the Fine Arts, under true rules and guidance, were to be ranked, not merely among the ornaments of human life, but among the appointed means for the elevation and improvement of the human mind. Believing this to be a step in the right direction, and a movement in advance, he begged to move—

"That a humble address be presented to her Majesty, that her Majesty would be graciously pleased to take into her royal consideration, in connexion with the site of the present National Gallery, the practicability and expediency of forming by degrees a gallery of original portraits, such portraits to consist as far as possible of those persons who are most honourably commemorated in British history as warriors or as statesmen, or in arts, in literature, or in science."

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

FOUNTAIN AT MADRID.

D. Roberts, R.A., Painter. J. Cousen, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 1 ft. 2 in. by 10 in.

This picture, like that of the "Bridge of Toledo," by the same painter, which was engraved in an early part of this publication, is the result of a commission received from the Queen; her Majesty having selected the subject from a number of Mr. Roberts's Spanish sketches, and directed a painting to be executed from it, in oil, to be presented to the Prince Consort on his birthday. The picture has never been publicly exhibited.

Madrid has fewer attractions for such a pencil as Mr. Roberts's than most of the cities of Spain, from the fact of its being of later origin, and therefore possessing none of those remarkable architectural features introduced by the Saracens, such as are seen in Grenada, Seville, Cordova, Burgos, Toledo, and others—relics of the period which Byron laments over:

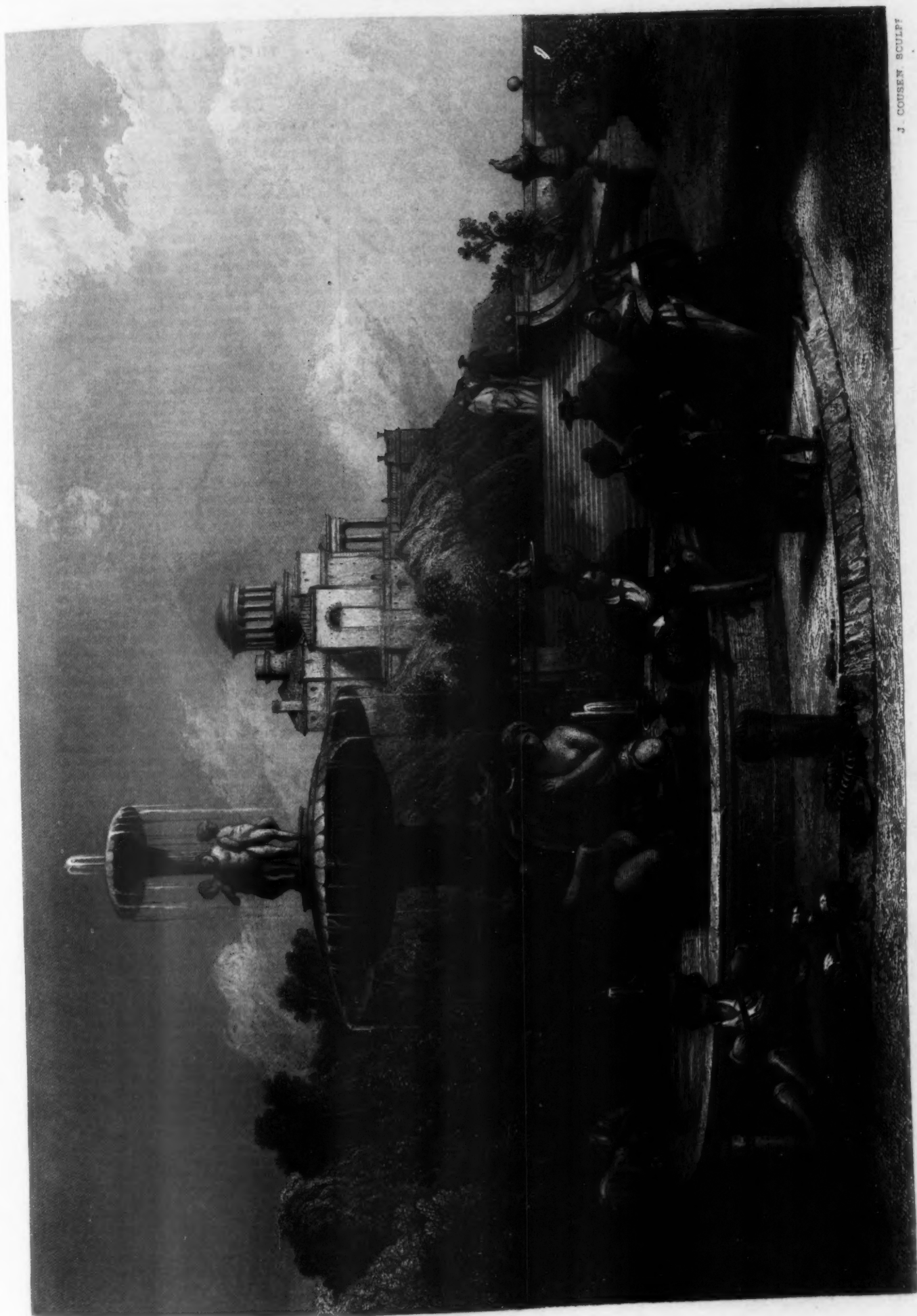
"Oh lovely Spain! renowned romantic land!
Where is that standard which Pelagio bore,
When Cava's traitor-sire first called the band
That dyed thy mountain streams with Gothic gore?
Where are those bloody banners which of yore
Waved o'er thy sons, victorious to the gate,
And drove at last the spoilers to their shore?
Red gleamed the cross, and waved the crescent pale,
While Afric's echoes thrilled with Moorish matron's wail."

Till the reign of Philip II., son of the Emperor Charles V., Madrid was little more than a hunting residence for the Spanish monarch: Philip fixed his court there, and henceforth it became the capital of his dominions. Yet the city is not without much that is interesting to an artist, though all partakes of a comparatively modern character; the two noble bridges thrown over the insignificant river of the Manzanares—so scanty a stream as to have given rise to the witty remark, "that the Kings of Spain ought to sell the bridges, and purchase water with the money;" the wide and well-planted promenades in and about the city, the magnificent churches, and imposing public buildings, are not without a certain value in the estimation of the painter. The squares add greatly to the splendour of Madrid, especially that known as Plaza Mayor, where the bull-fights are exhibited; its form is quadrilateral, and it is enclosed by three hundred houses, uniform in height, of six stories, each story having a handsome balcony, supported by columns of grey granite, which constitute a fine piazza all round. The churches and convents are numerous, but scarcely one can be pointed out as an example of a pure style of architecture. The palace is considered one of the finest royal residences in Europe: it is a large square building, which stands upon an eminence commanding a fine view of the adjacent country; the interior is decorated in a style of costly magnificence, is richly furnished, and adorned with valuable pictures. The celebrated palace of the Escorial is some few miles distant from the city.

Public promenades abound in Madrid. The most resorted to is the *Prado*, a portion of which is seen in Mr. Roberts's picture; it contains a variety of alleys lined with double rows of trees, and ornamented with beautiful fountains, of which that in the picture stands at the entrance to the *Prado*. Adjoining the promenade is the *Retiro*, a large and beautiful garden. On the east side of the *Prado* is the National Gallery, a splendid building with a noble Tuscan portico and Doric colonnades; the collection of paintings hanging here is, perhaps, unsurpassed by any in Europe for their general excellence.

The fountain at the entrance of the *Prado* forms a picturesque and striking foreground object in the picture here engraved; the edifice seen in the background is the Observatory: the groups of figures in their various characteristic costumes enliven and enrich the scene. The picture is painted almost throughout in the low, warm yellowish tints, which this artist used to employ some years back much oftener than he does now. The figures have also little positive colour, but they are brought forward with sufficient power.

The picture is in the collection at Osborne.



J. COUSEN. SCULPT.

D. ROBERTS. RA. PINX.

THE FOUNTAIN AT MADRID.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

LONDON PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS.



SUGGESTIONS OF SUBJECT TO THE STUDENT IN ART.*

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

CHAPTER IV.

The Duties of the Gifted—Poets of the Pen and Pencil—Let her Die!—A last Appeal—The Cathedral of Catania—Fresco of the Sacrifice—The Trees of Etna—Groans of the Dying—Effect on Survivors—A Legend of San Giacomo—A Team of old time—The Magician of Antioch—Cyprian, Bishop and Martyr—Santa Christina—A Studio in the New Forest—Go but deep enough!—L'Amphitryon ou l'on ne dine pas—The disappointed one!—A Poacher—Grief in the Forest—Woe for our Chums and Gossips—Imperial appreciation of English Art—Street Life in Rome—The Morra—The Cripple of the Scalinata—Roman Children at their Studies—The Battle of Scarston—The Traitor Duke—Gratitude of King Canute—Inkermann—“Spring hath come!”—Song of the Turkish Poet—Lament of a Captive Queen—Dante, “Il Purgatorio”—Buonconte of Montefeltro—Spirits of Light and Darkness—The Price of a Tear.

THERE are duties imposed on you by your heaven-sent dower of genius, oh ye, the true-born sons of Art; and one of the most imperative among them is this. That ye fail not in that binding clause of your mission which constitutes you the teachers of all whose pilgrimage of life is appointed to them in a less exalted region of thought and feeling than that reserved for yourselves. It is for you to aid us in our efforts after a better understanding of things, and look well to it, lest we, whose hearts are ever open to the profit of such lessons as ye prepare for us, and whose eyes wait trustingly on the work of your hands, should be left still wandering in the gloom of our darkness, because ye haste not to cast around us the bright radiance of that light, which the artist, no less than the poet of the pen, has been sent on this lower earth to dispense for our behoof.

Below is a commencement already made by one of the last-named missionaries—made with head fully given to the work, and with heart well attuned to the service. Let us hope that no word of it has been lost, but do you cause that which has, as yet, but amended the reader, to become the effectual monitor of the thousands who do not read. And not of those alone who lack the ability to do so, but of the crowds whose butterfly days present so fair a sunshine that they cannot choose but pass the whole sum of them in fluttering amidst the beams. For even these are accessible to the monition of the painter: their idle glance is not refused to the canvas, whatever may become of the printed page. A picture! oh, by all means! it is a pleasure the more, and stand aside to let them take a fair look at it, for there may be one among them that shall profit thereby.

To them succeeds a larger, if not so bright a train of spectators; these are they who have not light enough in their dreary experience of that which—for lack of another term—they too call *life*, to let them see the beneficent words of the poet, but to you, oh painter, their eyes and hearts are still accessible: see that you do not leave them longer without appeal. Here are the pictures: they are not joyous ones, but they show truth; and what is—alas that it should be so! But shall these things continue to be thus? Let your part of protestation against them be done, and when you have spoken to the great heart of the public; when the voice of approval has decreed that your work is of Art's contributions to the well-being of humanity; when, by the beneficent power of the graver, your teachings have been reproduced, till brought to the knowledge of all; then, if you shall hear but of one whose downward step has been arrested by the warning they hold forth, will not your reward be a rich one, and shall not your fellow-labourer, the poet, declare you both to be largely repaid?

It is within the walls of a prison that you find your subject; that hapless girl! The moving words that follow tell you sufficiently what your part in the work must be.

“Name her not, the guilty one!
Virtue turns aside for shame
At the mention of her name:
Very evilly hath she done!
Pity is on her mis-spent;
She was born of guilty kin,
Her life's course hath guilty been;
Unto school she never went,
And whate'er she learnt was sin:
Let her die!”

“She was nurtured for her fate,
Beautiful she was and vain,
Like a child of sinful Cain,
She was born a reprobate!
Lives like hers the world defile,
Plead not for her, let her die,
As the child of infamy!
Ignorant, and poor, and vile,
Plague-spot to the public eye,
Let her die.”

“Let her die!” But at least let us hear her last appeal—the teacher of the pen has not shrunk from giving it; do not you spare to send it, trumpet-tongued, where the idlest must at least be made to know of its utterance, and cannot plead that “if such things were, they wist it not.” Listen to her, that poor wailing outcast; the mandate has gone forth; these early rays of morning—alas, that the sweet sunshine should ever seem out of place—are the last that her eyes shall behold; pass some few short hours, and the narrow cell she kneels in shall be exchanged for a yet narrower abode. But we know whither it is that her last words are ascending, and shall they not prevail?

“Let my cry of anguish reach thee,
God of love!”

Amen! and amen!

Hear beside some portion of the lesson to ourselves, which the writer has conveyed in other parts of these sad heart-moanings—thus they commence:

“I am young, alas! so young.
And the world has been my foe,
And by hardship, wrong, and woe
Hath my bleeding heart been stung.
There was none, O God! to teach me
What was wrong and what was right.
I have sinned before thy sight.
Let my cry of anguish reach thee,
Piercing through the glooms of night,
God of love!”

“I must perish in my youth,
But, had I been better taught,
And did virtue as it ought.

I should not have fallen so low.

“Tis the wretch's dire mischance,
To be born in sin and woe.
Pity Thou my ignorance,
God of love!”

In the sacristy of the cathedral of Catania is a fresco, preserved with scrupulous care, although by no means remarkable for its merit as a work of Art: the interest attached to the picture consists principally in the startling fidelity with which the artist has rendered the awful event depicted; this is the eruption of Etna in the year 1669, and in the fresco that fearful catastrophe is set before the spectator with a vivid reality, truly surprising.

A Sicilian artist, profoundly impressed by the terrors delineated in this work, assured the present writer that nothing short of the actual eruption could be more awfully true than the picture before us—“so far as the eye alone is concerned,” he added; “but there were sounds,” continued the speaker with a deep shudder, “there were sounds of which the pencil can of course tell you nothing, yet these gave an addition of horror such as never can be effaced from the memory of any who heard them. Nay, they are in my ears now!” exclaimed the excited Italian, and he lifted his hands to his head, as one who would shut out some fearful sound.

These words were uttered some few months after the last great eruption of Etna, to which our colloquist had been witness: he was thus a competent judge, and, among other peculiarities of the dreadful scene, he described the effect on the trees, as the resistless flood of molten lava

neared them. But this was not until the frequent intercourse of a long journey, taken in his company, had produced a sort of intimacy, the subject being one that was evidently not to be lightly approached.

His home, to which he was then returning from the study of his Art in Rome, was at the distance of some twenty miles from Catania, and he had mounted his horse, as he subsequently related, at the first rumour of an eruption, but long before he reached the foot of the mountain, the terror of the animal compelled him to dismount, and the horse was left to the care of a vine-dresser. Proceeding on foot, our informant found his progress much impeded by smoke and sulphurous fumes; the sun glared fiercely through the lurid air; dark clouds, edged with a glittering, hard, marble-like whiteness, such as he had never seen before, lent a further strangeness to the aspect of things, and the whole atmosphere was full of a sobbing, moaning sound, now rising into a sort of menace, and anon becoming little more than a fluttering sigh, as it were the last breath of a creature expiring in the agonies of torture.

Nor did this wailing seem to proceed from the mountain alone, all things appeared to sympathise with the Titan sufferer: earth, air, and sea alike sent forth the expression of grief and pain; all space was pervaded by that vast anguish, and the peasantry, familiar as they are with these phenomena, wore looks of anxiety and fear that became ever deeper as our informant drew nearer to the mountain. He had ultimately approached the rivers of lava so closely as to have his eyebrows singed off and his whole face much scorched; on our expressing surprise that he should endure so needless an infliction, he replied—“Nay, rather ask me by what influence I was restrained from standing, fixed and rooted as I was, until devoured altogether by that sea of fire; for the sights and sounds of that horrible night had exercised so strange a fascination over me that during the greater part of it I sometimes think I must have been mad.”

Then it was that our Sicilian acquaintance described the effect of the eruption on the trees: he spoke “with bated breath,” and declared that, as the lava approached them, they seemed to quiver, with the dread of creatures conscious to their fate. The groans of those inanimate objects, as the glowing destruction neared them, had made it impossible to him to remember that they were not sentient beings, and had caused him to suffer a sense of pain and grief, the effects of which he had been long in throwing off. At the last moment, and when he no longer dared to look at them but from a great distance, all their leaves turned of a livid white; they were blanched by the fervour of the heat, and this before the lava had touched them; nay while it was yet at considerable distance. Once touched, they burst into raging flame in every part; and before that fatal river of death could fully roll its annihilating waves around them, each hapless creature had fallen on the flood, a heap of ashes.

“Each hapless creature,” the speaker's own words: the idea of conscious suffering had manifestly not even yet departed from his mind; nor could he recall the scene he had witnessed without shuddering.

That there was no exaggeration in this description was obvious; and we were ourselves in a condition to vouch for a portion of its truth, from certain facts presented to our notice on Mount Vesuvius, some years earlier. By an act of culpable imprudence, partly our own, but chiefly attributable to our guide, who should have used his authority to prevent it, we were for some time in imminent danger—a circumstance that never need occur on Vesuvius, as many of our readers will know. Into the details of that day's history we do not propose to enter; but it was then that we did ourselves behold the instant destruction described by our Sicilian acquaintance. The effect, however, is so extraordinary, that one requires the testimony of one's eyes to believe it possible: at one moment, the object is there, in its entirety; before the succeeding second has passed, it has become a heap of white ashes; and even these—disappearing beneath the next heavily rolling

* Mary Howitt, “Lyrics of Life.”
† Ibid, “The Heart of the Outcast.”

wave of that low hissing flood, which seems to mutter anathemas on its victims,—do not leave the faintest trace to show that they have been.

A Franciscan monk, pleasing in manner, and much more highly cultivated than is usual with men of that brotherhood,* was the companion of the artist, whom he called Don Ippolito, and the colour of whose life had apparently been changed by the spectacle he had witnessed. Other circumstances of the eruption, in addition to those related above, were subsequently described by both; but for these we have not space: our business is henceforward with the portfolio of the artist, which was freely offered to our inspection during the sort of intimacy that occasionally results from the fortuitous meeting of travellers.

Legends of the saints, and subjects of similar character, predominated; they may, at some future time, be revered as altar-pieces in many a village church, among the more remote districts of the island. Here are some few of those best remembered.

The first is a legend of San Giacomo, and the saint is represented in the act of guiding a plough, to which he has harnessed a bear: beside him lie the oxen, by whom the office of drawing the plough had previously been performed; but they are dead—the bear has killed them; and it is in token of the repentance awakened in him by the exhortations of San Giacomo, that Bruin permits himself to be harnessed in their stead.

And very earnestly does he bend himself to the work: a bear can look ironically enough when he pleases, as we all know, and is at no loss to mark his sense of a joke: but no thought of jesting is in the head of this good fellow; he wears a face of the gravest, nay the most compunctious solemnity, and lifts no eye to that of the spectator, as who should say, "Is not this rare sport?" The Saint is equally intent, and the state of the ground gives evidence that their husbandry is making good progress.

A second study gives the conversion of St. Cyprian† by Santa Justina. Still wearing the robes of the Pagan magician, he stands before the beautiful Christian with a face from which the last shades of doubt have departed; his books of magic art lie neglected at his feet—soon to be given to the flames; and behind the Saint, who has converted the magician, is seen the figure of a handsome youth, departing with the action and expression of one reduced to despair. In this picture the artist has fully related the legend, which is simply as follows.

A noble of Antioch, long the suitor of Justina, has recourse to the magic art of a renowned sorcerer; but the latter, having exhausted his powers in vain, is at length reduced to inquire of Santa Justina by what means she has foiled his efforts, and ultimately caused the most powerful of his demons—whom, in his rage, he had finally cast loose on her—to declare himself worsted, and decline all further attack. The Saint informs him that she does all in the power of the Cross, and the conversion of the sorcerer is the result. Receiving the rite of baptism, he is thenceforward called Cyprian, and subsequently became Bishop of Antioch: he suffered martyrdom, together with Santa Justina herself, under the Emperor Diocletian, in the year 304.

Full of movement and spirit is the sketch that next succeeds; the legend is that of St. Egidius, who is standing before the cave which forms his hermitage. Within its shadow is the hind, which he has rescued; an arrow from the hunters, who have driven her to that refuge, still quivers in her side, whence the Saint has not had time to extract it: for the hunt is all upon him; but the dogs are restrained from entering the

cave by the power of his sanctity, and certain of the hunters are already kneeling, although others yet remain contending with the saint, whose hand is extended between them and the rescued animal. The scene of this prettily told story is eminently beautiful, and will be remembered with pleasure by more than one of our readers—being a faithful reproduction of one of the wildest and yet most lovely defiles to be found in that exquisite region, of which Vico is held to be the queen and capital.

The last of these subjects that we shall now mention, represents the preparation for one among the many torments suffered by Santa Christina, who is discovered in her dungeon filled with reptiles, which have, however, no power to harm her. The rays of light, falling into her prison from narrow clefts in the rock-like walls, serve to exhibit the flexible forms and brilliant colours of these reptiles, which do but awaken new feelings of devotion to their Creator in the heart of the saint. These it was her wont to pour forth in hymns that troubled the repose of her enemies, and to repress them, an executioner is now entering the partially opened door; he holds in his hand the instruments with which he is about to tear out her tongue, but the Saint regards him calmly, and without fear.

All these legends were evidently depicted in good faith, and as events that had veritably occurred: that men of education, one of them a person of some learning, could so accept them, is, without doubt, extraordinary: yet, thus it was; the grave simplicity with which all the details of these incidents, sought by the writer, were afforded, whether by the monk or his young friend, spoke clearly of earnest conviction. The smile of incredulity would have been deep offence; and the writer enjoyed all the more content in the examination of these studies, from the fact that no one likely to inflict such pain on their author, or his clerical guide, was partaker of the pleasure.

Among the many fair shrines where Art is most fitly worshipped, and which still reserve their almost untouched wealth for him whose genius shall supply the divining rod to their gushing fountains, is that wherein the character and habits of the "fera nature," the masterless denizens of the wild, may be "taken in the manner," and are shown—not as man has fashioned them to artificial life, in the haunts of luxury, but as boon Nature has made them in her solitudes, and as they revel and riot amidst the joyous abodes appointed to them by that Supreme Beneficence which has created them for happiness no less than ourselves.

Not that we would seek to undervalue the home-bred favourite—by no means; he, too, is heartily welcome, whether dog or horse, and whatever his rank, so only that he be perfect in his kind: the "cleverest" of hunters and the shooting pony "worth his weight in gold;" the wolf-hound and "my lady's brach";—none shall come amiss; but let not any, or all of them, exclude the frank inhabitants of mount and forest: give us the pride of our fields, and the pet of our hearths, but let us also have the gladsome dwellers by moor and stream.

It is true that we possess those glorious annals of deer-stalking, to which the world of Art owes so many, a bright inspiring theme, but we want more, and in more varied sort. Not to every man is it given to range brown moor and heathery fell at will, nor can the haunt of the boar or buffalo—so well beloved of the vigorous Fleming, so devoutly worshipped by the zealous and right-worthy Roman follower of Snuyders in our own day—be as readily attained by their English brethren; but neither are the narrower limits of lone vale and shadowy woodland niggard of their inspiration for such as seek aright. Let the votary bring but a spirit attuned to the delicious harmonies ever breathing around those unaltered shrines of Nature, which are equally the true fanes of Art, and for him shall the Genius Loci, waiting to be propitious by every altar, pour forth his fairest gifts.

Nor does any need to make a long pilgrimage;

he has but to lift his eyes, and—provided always he be not "pent" within the noisome limits of some great town—there shall ever be wealth of objects for his worship. Great beauty or striking peculiarities of character, however attractive, are not indispensable: the least promising of localities will scarcely fail to present some portion of that life and movement which are among the first demands of the painter: treasures are to be found in each devious path of nature's own free tracing, and blossoms of loveliness hang on the lowliest bramble for him who has power to perceive them.

But say that you have the privilege of selection, and, taking of the best, have plunged into the recesses of our Hampshire woods. Go but deep enough, and you will not complain of your studio; neither shall there be any lack of company to sit for their portraits, supposing the delineation of character to be one of your objects. There are wilds, or there were such, in the happier ancient days of some ten years back, in certain parts of the New Forest (misnamed assuredly, seeing how venerable is its age), where your highest aspirations after beauty in nature shall be satisfied, while the "ferre" of the place will approve themselves to be in all respects of the purest water.

To secure these, you must, however, not content yourself with hovering on the verge of things, you must plunge boldly into the depths; press through entangling underwood, and never trouble yourself to be seeking a path, for where you go there is none. Count rather on the long thorny bramble, the sarcastic point of the fretful gorse, the lucent arms of the glittering holly, and bold Sir Blackthorn aiding them with such might as he hath; for all these shall oppose your access to that region of delights. Yea, your sweet friend the woodbine, will do her utmost to bar you thence with her delicate coils; nor shall the grave and solemn ivy spare his potent frown, to say nothing of those tendrils wherewith he has tied together a matted barrier of impervious broom and tough, though pliant fern.

Yet keep on; hold stout heart, and when you have beaten all down knightly, you shall—

"We shall get through, ridiculous prate-apace, and have done with it!"

Not at all! You shall do nothing of the sort: these are the mere outlying works; the more potent defences have yet to be stormed; but all mention of their names shall be spared you. Do I not know your "genus irritabile?" There is only some few hundred of good stout furze-bushes, fifteen to eighteen feet high, at this moment impeding our passage, but as these are wholly impenetrable, we must e'en turn fairly back, and make our way as best we can to the point whence we got into this *Imbroglia*.

Take patience, nevertheless, and by no means be discouraged: at our next attempt we shall be more successful in hitting the weak point, and that accomplished, great is your reward! Keep good heart only, for at length we stand in face of the portals to be forced. Dark strong-armed bats are crossing on sullen wing, for just now we are in the region of perpetual twilight, and the horned owl is adding his harsh remonstrance, as he sits, marvelling at our intrusion, among the branches of that stunted oak.

A more open space succeeds, and sailing across it come the dusky raven, the kite, on his wide powerful wing, and the sharp-beaked hawk, with his pitiless cruelty of gaze.

Or, less imposing, but more cheerful of aspect, there steals from the copsewood an elegant-looking congener of the weazle tribe. He darts, lightning-like, across the sweet sunny glade,—which has at last repaid our toil,—amazed to find his delicious home invaded, and in haste to make the unwonted advent known.

The burley grey badger may, perchance, succeed our last hurried visitant, but for his arrival you may have to wait patiently, seeing that he does not care to enlarge the circle of his acquaintance. The fox is more accessible, or rather, being a gentleman of rambling propensities, you shall stumble on him now and then when neither of you has expected the presence of the other; and should you chance to beat up his quarters while his children are sporting

* Taking the four great divisions of the monastic orders, the Benedictines are still the most learned, as of old; but among the Dominicans, men of solid attainments are frequently met with, and the Augustinians are not without instances of learning; yet neither they nor the Franciscans are considered to maintain so much of the distinction of older times as do the sons of St. Benedict.

† Not to be confounded with Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, whose martyrdom—also by decapitation, for which cause he has the sword as one of his attributes—took place half a century before that of Santa Justina's convert, the Bishop of Antioch.

around him, or when his lady, the vixen, has gathered the youth of their family for educational duties, you need scarcely ask a more animated group for your sketch-book than that household shall present.

And while now we seat us beside the deep dark water-course, adown whose precipitous, but happily not very high bank, we have just tumbled with so little ceremony, to scramble up on the opposite shore, and have gained this fair sweet oasis of sunbright green, you shall hear an extract from the foxite annals.

The event commemorated is of the strictest truth—when they write history they keep wholly apart from fable, those well-judging foxes—its consequences plunged two respectable families of the ancient tribe of fox, into much grief, but though trying to your sensibilities, the story must needs be related, because there is at least a little dozen of pictures therein.*

The facts are as follow, and the scene to be depicted is on this wise. A flock of wild-geese have alighted on a broad estuary, rapidly narrowing into a sedgy river; the banks on one side are high and more richly wooded than is usual within the near neighbourhood of the sea, but the opposite shore is lower, and in the distance are the grey rocks of a bold wave-beaten promontory. From the underwood steals forth a well-grown fox, and perceiving the rich argosy on the water he at once proceeds to secure what he considers in his conscience to be his own portion in its wealth. Having drawn together a sufficient mass of tangled grasses, he suffers himself to float gently down beneath the veil thus formed towards the new arrivals, and under cover of the mask he has provided, succeeds in securing a heedless bird, whom he brings to land in good sportsman-like fashion. But there are certain considerations which prevent his beginning instantly to feast on the booty obtained, and he buries it amidst the low hanging branches of an old twisted thorn: that done he departs; but soon returns with a second fox, whom he leads directly to the tree, manifestly "on hospitable cares intent."

But, "What are the hopes of man?" sings the poet—"What those of foxes?" he might have asked; for, during our poor friend's absence, a lurking, poacherly fellow—see that you give him no free-forester look, but a veritable hang-dog aspect, won from many a jail—has crept from his hiding-place, and, carrying off the deposit from its rightful owner, has caused the consternation you are here to depict.

For a moment, our first acquaintance stands bewildered and confounded; his gossip, who arrived with that modest and disclaiming, yet well-pleased and above all respectful expression, with which men and foxes alike follow "L'Amphitruon où l'on dîne," has at length begun to suspect an intentional affront! He turns fiercely on his late revered inviter, whom he now confronts with reproachful eyes; but the honour of our despoiled Reinecke is not to be questioned with impunity, a mortal combat ensues—or rather not mortal, it would hardly have come to that—they were foxes, and without doubt the reasonable creatures on the four legs would have presently thrashed each other into a better comprehension of the matter, nor suffered any grievous injury on either side: but now—and I grieve to say it—must the two-legged brute come into the picture; he holds his deadly tube—a disguised and contraband thing, without name or decent kindred, we may be sure—in the villanous left hand, which hath so manifest a tendency to hide behind his back; this he brings to bear upon the champions who contend but for their honour, and shooting the intended host through his hospitable heart, he knocks over the wonder-struck guest before he has recovered from his amazement, when he too, poor disabled innocent, becomes that pestilent jail-bird's prey.

After that, I can do nothing for the rest of our halt but bewail the unmerited fate of my hapless chums. Had they perished in fair chase, and

with the music of the pack as their appropriate dirge!—But it skills not talking, nor can weeping avail, and I dry my tears. Admirable society in the woods is your fox, and good merry companions were these two, but with them we shall hold parley no more. "Woe is me, Alhama!"

His Imperial Majesty of France does but confirm the verdict of the French critics, when expressing his admiration for the works of our countryman, M'Innes; and it is to be regretted that his majesty's wish to become the possessor of the "Love and Piety," exhibited in Paris by that artist could not be gratified. There would have been a decided gratification to the English *amour propre* in meeting that pleasant acquaintance among the gems of Louis Napoleon's private collection in our subsequent visits to his capital; but "the present proprietor was not to be prevailed on to resign it," say the Parisian *Littérateurs* in Art, and there is nothing more to be done. The "Scene from the Life of Luther," an earlier work of the same artist, has been equally appreciated by the German critics, these last considering him to be one of those among our countrymen "who are most successfully working for the future." Very high praise this from our thoughtful cousins, by the way, since they do not always give us credit for that upward tendency, and even reproach us occasionally with loving the gold that glitters to-day better than the Fame that beams from the future; nay, better than Art itself, which, in the bosom of the true votary, should be placed above even Fame.

Few things gratify the "national vanity" of the present writer more than expressions of approval from the great German authorities; their knowledge of the subject is unquestionable; they are invariably just; thinking of the work only, never of the artist, with whom they have rarely personal acquaintance; and this is not without its value, when the productions of the day are in discussion, as many of our readers doubtless know.

We hear so much of the discouraging influences by which our artists are oppressed, that methinks it may not be amiss to record some few of the "per contra," to borrow a phrase from the "Ships, Colonies, and Commerce" school. The artist we have named above, for example, is well known to have been long estimated highly in the Roman world of Art, wherein much expectation was some years since awakened by reports of a work perfectly new as to subject, and certain to arrest universal attention, once it should leave the studio of the master. It has not yet appeared, and having no authority for the allusion, we refrain from describing its theme, but having deeply shared the interest excited by the rumour, one of our first inquiries on returning home, some time after, was for the painting in question, nor have we yet abandoned all hope of its appearance. The subject, as before remarked, we do not feel authorised to describe; but there are certain designs made by a different hand at the same period, respecting which we are under no such restraint; the artist, a very youthful student, but one of much promise, being no longer in existence, and the sketches, the subjects of which were in fact suggested by the writer, being entirely at our disposal.

The first presents a scene of out-door life in Italy: it is but too familiar to the quiet-loving traveller, for who is there so fortunate as never to have had his repose interrupted by the clamours of the *Morra*? This game, said to have been invented by Germanicus, to preserve his Legionaries from the perils of inaction, is still the delight of the populace; they have its implements ever at hand, since it is played with the fingers only.

The object to be obtained is an accurate guess at the number of fingers thrown out by your adversary from the closed hand. Thus, loud cries of "Uno! Quattro! Due! Tre! Quattro! Due! Quattro! Uno!" yelled forth at the topmost strength of their triple-brass lungs, resound from many an eager pair, wherever idlers "most do congregate," and in Italy where are they not?

Look at this group—would not a stranger believe those two men, there standing in fierce

opposition, were preparing to tear each other's eyes out? How menacing are their gestures! how eagerly do they stretch forth their discoloured fingers, each thrusting his claw-like hand into most offensive proximity with the visage of his neighbour. But they are only playing the *Morra*, or *Mora*, as it is elsewhere called; and such are the fascinations of what we should call that wearisome exercise, that few of their own class, passing within the wide-spreading limits of the echoing sounds uttered by the players, can resist the temptation to pull up and watch the result.

Fair specimens of half the vagabondage of Rome have accordingly gathered around the group depicted by our artist; but the place of honour is accorded to one whom you all know well—"The Sturdy Beggar" of the Scalinita, namely, no less a personage; he, who, without any legs at all, will prove himself more than a match for both yours, if at any time you seek to distance him across the broad platforms of that winding way, the uppermost of which has long been his undisputed domain. Get ready your *bajocco*, 'tis a poor return for his joyous "Buon giorno Eccellenza;" but as none resist that appeal, so the dowry, carried to their carefully-selected *Sposi* by the daughters of this well-known mendicant, are said to be of no contemptible quality. Here we have him, returning to his dinner as do other men of business, when the toils of the morning have ended; he is mounted on a good serviceable ass, and his attendants humbly wait his pleasure, which, at this moment, is to watch the *Morra*. The head of our crippled acquaintance is a good portrait—the features are not those most frequently found in Italy, though the man is a Roman—they are rude, irregular, and somewhat harsh, the hair is verging towards grey; the eyes, also grey, are shrewd and keen; the general expression is bold, yet scarcely frank, and the whole face, though clever, is something short of prepossessing; neither limbs, our friend has none, and to this fact does he owe the prosperity of his fortunes.

The scene of our picture is the northern bank of the Tiber, near which that distinguished *Habitué* of the Piazza di Spagna makes his abode; the Ponte Rotto is within view; the church appearing on the far left is that of Santa Maria Egiziaca, and the Temple of Vesta may be discerned in the distance. Two Jewish ancients are holding consultation before the squalid entrance of what was once a palace, and beneath that broad portal are beautiful children, shaking their rags in a sort of frenzy, as they imitate the game performed by their seniors.

We have other incidents of life in Italy, depicted by the same hand; but, for the present, we prefer to select from sketches of a different character: these we take from the early times of our own history. And first we have the "Battle of Saraton."

Edmund Ironside, a noble figure, whose fine features and candid expression instantly bespeak our sympathies, is fighting hand to hand with the less graceful and more crafty-looking Canute. Already is the Dane slightly wounded, Edmund presses him closely, and manifestly holds the victory within his grasp: This is your first picture.

But there is unhappily a second, the warrior has treason beside him—alas for that old, old story, doomed ever to be repeated and scarcely stranger even to our own spotless times. Exalted from a low station to be Duke of Mercia by the injudicious partiality of Ethelred, significantly named the Unready, the father and predecessor of Edmund Ironside, Edric Streon had resolved to slay his sovereign in the confusion of the strife; but, failing in this, and now perceiving that the battle was about to be decided by the fall of Canute, the traitorous wretch struck the head from the body of Osmeor, an attendant of Edmund, and bearing a strong resemblance to his master; then, holding the head aloft on his sword, he cried aloud, "Fly, ye men of Dorset and Devon! fly and save yourselves, for here is the head of your king!"

Compelled instantly to forego his advantage over Canute, Edmund eagerly bares his brow and exposes his heated features to the gaze of all around him, exhorting them to take

* The relation that follows is true to the letter; the incident was described in its minutest details by a sportsman, who witnessed all that took place, and has distorted no feature of the occurrence.

courage, but the effort is vain, a panic has seized his warriors, they fall into disorder, and all their prince's bravery and skill can but avail to maintain the combat until night once more closes on this, the second day of the conflict.

For the artist whose "joy is in the" battle, there is here motive for at least two pictures—perhaps for more. Let us now see what becomes of the traitor.

Many changes have taken place since the battle of Seaton: other combats have been sustained by Edmund Ironside, but the hiring of Canute has found means to render even victory fruitless: what, in fact, cannot treason in high places accomplish? More; he has contrived the murder of his sovereign, while that of Edwig, brother to Edmund, is also ultimately accomplished by his agency. But this last has not been done to the satisfaction of Canute, whose part in the crime is rendered too obvious by Stræon's mismanagement. The crafty usurper has secretly vowed revenge, and Eðric of Murcia is doomed. Rapacious as he is faithless, the traitor has entered that rude building on the Thames, which serves as the palace of Canute, whom you perceive to occupy the chair of state; with intent to complain of broken promises, and to seek rewards too long withheld. Around the king are fierce-looking chieftains of his own land, and beside his chair is Eric of Norway; before them stands the Duke of Murcia, dark passions deform his else handsome face, and he angrily bids Canute remember that for him he had imperilled the welfare of his soul.

"Not for me," retorts the offended monarch, interrupting the stream of revelations fast pouring from the lips of the excited Eðric; "not for me, but for thine own ambitious ends, hast thou defiled thy hands with murder. How traitor! thou didst compass the death of thy sovereign! Thou!—Be thine own words thy condemnation."

Canute turned towards Eric of Norway, who struck the Duke to the floor with his battle-axe. Others then fell upon him, he was strangled by their fierce hands before the eyes of the man who had bought him for his evil purposes; and the last sob had scarcely been gasped forth from his blackened corse, before the voice of Canute rose high above the tumult. "This traitor, self-convicted, came to seek the reward of his treason," he exclaimed, "and ye have bestowed it fully." "Throw the carrion to the river," added the scornful monarch, and a moment later the dark waves rolled over the betrayer of his master.

History does not give us warrant for the introduction of any other figure that might relieve the gloomy effect produced by those iron visaged warriors who alone took part in the well-authenticated event here proposed for your study: boy-attendants might nevertheless be permitted to give the relief of their grace and beauty to the darksome group; dogs of appropriate breed would not be out of place, and even female figures might be suffered to cross the entrance of the rude hall, or be seen in the ante-room beyond it; but the persons truly belonging to our picture, are those here mentioned only.

Talking of battles, might it not be supposed that Byron had the fearfully glorious day of Invermarch in prophetic vision before him when he wrote the lines that follow. Could any one, writing from the field, have depicted more faithfully the dark opening of that terrible drama? Its anniversary is closing as the stanza is here transcribed.* May the lives then so freely offered up, avail to save the world from the frequent recurrence of these terrible Holocausts! But does not many a name, whether of the survivors or the dead, appeal to the sympathies of the artist as he recalls that day, demanding from him the wreath of immortality which his hand—no less than that of the poet—holds the proud privilege of twining for the brow of the

* The commemorative bonfires were blazing on the distant hills when these lines were written. Future anniversaries will happily bring us less vindictive memories than those still permitted to mingle with the proud thought of our glorious "battle for the right" at Invermarch: wherefore let us hope that the November Fawkes exhibition.

victor! They do, and he will admit the claim: let us now turn to the words of the author we have cited:—

"Hark! through the silence of the dull cold night,
The hum of armies gathering rank on rank.
Lo! dusky masses steal in dubious sight
Along the leaguered wall and bristling bank.

No star peers through the vapours dim and dank,
Which curl in curious wreath. How soon the smoke
Of hell shall pall them in a deeper cloak!"

"Listen to the story of the nightingale! that the vernal season has come; the Spring has formed a bower of joy in every grove, where the almond-tree sheds its silver blossoms. Be joyous therefore, be full of mirth, for the spring season passes away—it will not last.

"Again the dew glitters on the leaves of the lily, like the sparkling of a bright scimitar; the edge of the bower is filled with the light of Ahmed among the plants, the fortunate tulips represent his companions. Come, oh people of Mahomet, this is the season of enjoyment. Listen to me—listen to me! Be joyful, be full of mirth; for the fair season passes away, it will not last.

"Roses, anemones are in the garden, the time is past when the plants were sick, and the rosebud hung her thoughtful head. Be joyful, be full of mirth—the fair season passes away, it will not last.

"The groves and hills are again adorned with all their beauties, bright and beaming are the flowers, rich and pure is the breath of their lips. Be joyful therefore, be full of mirth; the fair season passes away, it will not last."

In remarkable contrast to this glad some exhortation of the Turkish poet, is the "lament" of Scotland's Mary, as she too beheld the "dew glittering on the leaf of the lily," but for her the appropriate resemblance would scarcely be that of the bright scimitar: the many who would gladly have bared their weapons in her cause she knew to be powerless, and "the fair season" was far from "joyous" to her.

The "Lament" is familiarly known, yet there are few, if any memorials on canvas of the moment, one that but too often recurred in her sad history, commemorated by the verses in question.

That the lines are from her own pen adds greatly to their interest, but this circumstance is not their sole recommendation; they have a pathos, a simple beauty, not derived from any extraneous consideration, and which is due to the thought and its expression only. They were written, as most of our readers will remember, when the return of Spring had caused the royal sufferer more than ever to deplore the misfortune of her captivity. The verses are as follow:—

"Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets of daisies white,
Out o'er the grassy lea.
Now Phoebus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies,
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

"Now laverocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle in his noon-tide bower
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis mild, wi' mony a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest,
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall oppress.

"Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae,
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the aleo,
The meaneest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets among,
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun pine in prison strang."

Touching and beautiful, these lines bring us an exquisite picture of Spring, no less than a moving tale of sorrow. The young artist who shall make them his theme can scarcely fail to produce a valuable addition to our mementos

* The joyous song of the spring-time, given above, will be found in the Turkish of Mesihî; the translation is by Sir William Jones, but the stanzas are taken by the present writer from "The Boatman of the Bosphorus," vol. I., pp. 206 and 236.

of the much-wronged queen: he will give imposing dignity to the fine figure; the delicate face, whose beauty is so familiar to us, shall wear an expression of sadness, yet redeemed from any suspicion of weakness, by the brightly intellectual cast of the lovely countenance. The landscape Mary looks on from her deep oriel window, with such other accessories as he will admit to a place in his picture, will all serve, in their various degrees, to heighten the interest of the work, but this is, of course, chiefly centered on the person of the Queen, at whose feet there is a hound sleeping: otherwise she is alone.

In the fifth canto of the "Purgatorio," and while the Florentine poet, with his Mantuan guide has not yet proceeded beyond the approaches to that place of trial, the former describes the ascent of a mountain, on whose declivities Virgil and himself are surrounded by the souls of the departed; all are advancing, like themselves, towards the "girone" where their appointed probation is to begin.

At a fair height on the mountain are the shades of those who had lived to the end of their days in a state of sin, and were finally dismissed to their account by a violent death. But "having repented at the last moment, and then forgiven their murderers, they were reconciled to God in their death," says the poet.

Among these spirits is that of Buonconte of Montefeltro, of whom Dante inquires wherefore the place of his burial had never been discovered! In reply to this question, Buonconte bids him know that "having expired on the banks of the Archiano, his body was carried into the stream by a flood, on whose waters it was borne to the Arno," where the corpse was lost amidst the depths of that river.

In the course of this relation occur some fine lines, presenting a fair study for the painter. Of the peril that may be mingled with the hope conveyed in the passage, we are not now to speak. The lines are these:—

"Arrivò io forato nella gola,
Fuggendo a piede, e sanguinando 'l piano
Quivi perdè la vista e la parola:
Nel nome di Maria finì, e quivi
Caddi e rimase la mia carne sola—
Io dirò 'l vero, e tu 'l ridi 'tra i vivi:
L'Angel di Dio mi prese, e quel d'Inferno
Gridava: 'O tu dal ciel, perchè mi privi
Tu te ne porti di costui l'eterno
Per una lagrimetta, che 'l mi togliè.'"

The lone wild bank of the rushing and foaming river, with the fallen yet still darkly beautiful Spirit of Evil, vainly demanding his hoped-for prey from the radiant "Son of Heaven," within the shadow of whose glittering pinions may be dimly discerned the vaporous presentment of what once was Buonconte. All these may serve to awaken the imagination of the painter, to whom we leave them. A passage from the nineteenth canto has also very tempting elements, and I defer the transcription of the stanzas with regret, but they must, for this time, be resisted, as must likewise an eloquent description—but of somewhat different character—inviting us by the voice of Ariosto. "Not all that is deferred, proves to be lost," however, says the French proverb, and these, that we now reluctantly postpone, may find place some other day.†

* The writer would have been glad to give the translation of this passage by Cary, holding it better to take the maturely considered work of an approved author than his own crude and hasty rendering, *pro re nata*; but failing Cary—not to be obtained at the moment—the following may suffice to give the mere sense to such of our readers as shall prefer to see it in English:—

"Flying on foot, with pain I reached the shore
Of Archiano. In my throat I bore
The deadly gash, pouring a crimson rain.
That, where my faint foot passed, bedewed the plain.
Here speech and sight forsook me, but I cried,
Hopeful, to Mary mother ere I died.
Then lay my corse, all prone and lonely there.
True are my words, do thou their truth declare
To all of mortal race—God's Angel took
My soul, but o'er me hell's dark spirit shook
His dusky pinions, 'Wherefore, Son of Heaven,
Hast thou,' he cried, 'from me my conquest riven?
That soul was mine; yet to the brighter sphere
Now shall he rise, and all for one poor tear.'"

PURGATORIO, Canto Sesto.

† To be continued.

BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XIII.—CHARLES ROBERT LESLIE, R.A.*



RESUMING our catalogue *raisonnée* of the works of Mr. Leslie, at the date where we were compelled to leave off in our last publication, we find that in 1850 he exhibited three pictures;—"Beatrice," a lovely young girl looking over a balustrade into a garden; an incident from the "History of a Foundling," "Tom Jones showing Sophia Western herself in a glass, as a security for his good behaviour;" and "Queen Katherine of Arragon giving her dying charge to Capucius," from "Henry VIII.," a composition evidencing much profound thought and tender feeling. Of two pictures exhibited in 1851, one was a small half-length figure of a lady, entitled a "Study;" the other, "Falstaff personating the King;" the interest of this work is exclusively maintained by the figures, and in these the artist's genius in the impersonation of character has nowhere failed; the whole *dramatis personæ* in the scene are admirably put on the stage; Falstaff especially is inimitable; the picture has few accessories to distract the attention of the spectator from the "players."

Mr. Leslie's solitary contribution to the Academy in 1852 was a small half-length of "Juliet" examining the draught given her by the friar; the face, on which the light falls brilliantly, is highly expressive of misgivings and anxious thought. The year 1853 brought nothing from the painter; but in 1854 we had "The Present," another half-length of a young lady (possibly intended as a *pendant* to the "Juliet") examining a locket; a portrait of a lady; and a scene from the "Rape of the Lock," Sir Plume demanding the restoration of the Lock. The remarks we made on this picture are of so recent a date, that we find it unnecessary to do more than just quote the concluding paragraph of our criticism:—"The forms and faces are graceful and beautiful; the story is admirably told;

and if we object to the picture as weaker than his earlier works, our objection is merely to the execution; the pure and high feeling of the artist is here as fresh as it was in the vigour of his youth. We doubt, indeed, if he ever produced a picture better than this in all the loftier essentials of Art."

Sancho Panza is one of the first names with which the pictures of this artist are identified; so is it also the last of which we have now to speak—"Sancho and Dr. Pedro Rezia," being the subject of the only painting exhibited by Mr. Leslie last year; though, as was remarked of his "Sir Plume," it is somewhat "alight in manner, it has otherwise all the clearness and precision of the best of the painter's works." There is, however, one picture by him too important to be omitted, the "Christening of the Princess Royal;" it was never exhibited; but as it must be well known from the large engraving published from it, it may be passed over without comment, though deserving of high praise.

Such is a summary—and nothing more—of the principal labours of forty years devoted to Art: they show but little in our narrative; yet who, save the artist himself, or those similarly circumstanced, would attempt to measure the study, the toil, the deep and anxious thought such labours must have cost! Mr. Leslie seems never to have considered how many pictures he could get ready for the "opening-day,"—at no time, if we recollect rightly, has he exhibited more than four, and rarely above three—but what those should be which he was preparing; and hence there is scarcely a single work he has produced that does not present indubitable evidence of the intelligent mind that wrought it. As a painter of dramatic subjects he is unrivalled; his characters all stand out with an individuality and a truth which cannot be surpassed; they are living portraits of the men as the poet or the novelist drew them, not mere artist's fancies, while at the same time he invests them with the poetry of his art. His pictures are to be read and studied; they are not meant for gewgaw ornaments on the walls of a richly-furnished drawing-room—the gold and the crimson would out-dazzle those unobtrusive canvasses that speak so quietly, yet eloquently, the language of the painter's art. "The most poetic of the painters of domestic; one of those who have attained the highest excellence without (to this day) having paid a visit to Italy—though an intelligent and catholic appreciator of the works of his predecessors in the art—his style is individual and English, and has been one of progressive excellence. . . . Competent judges pronounce him to have succeeded—in a 'modest' manner of his own—in whatever he has undertaken. His art is as refined as it is unconventional."* The highest qualities of Mr. Leslie's style are



Engraved by]

LADY JANE GREY ENTREATED TO ACCEPT THE CROWN.

[J. & G. P. Nicholls.

character and expression; these are always appropriate to the subject: his drawing is good, correct, graceful, and unmechanical; the execution, in general, very careful, and not deficient in power; as a colourist he is unequal, often rich and harmonious, occasionally cold, crude, and heavy: he seems to us to work on different principles at different times, as if he had no definite theory of his own; but this must be an impossibility to one who has so long and so successfully practised.

As we are always gratified to find our own opinions expressed or confirmed by other critics, we reprint what another writer said many years

since about the works of this painter, the truth of which all Mr. Leslie's subsequent productions amply bear out:—"In his general perception of females, Leslie always invests them with more of the mental than mere physical beauty, and gives them an air of noble and dignified deportment." This is perhaps especially conspicuous in the females introduced into his pictures of "The Duchess and Sancho." "Nor are his men deficient in all the elevated qualities of their sex; and for real humour and quaintness we have shown that in his Sancho Panza, Uncle Toby, and Tristram Shandy, he is perfectly original in their delineation; and one of Leslie's

* Continued from p. 73.

* *Men of the Time*. D. Bogue, 1876.

most admirable characteristics is, that he can most truly and graphically develop the plot and meaning of his compositions with comparatively few figures. He never has recourse for the mere sake of effect to overcrowding his compositions with a multiplicity of figures. In sentiment Leslie is truly poetical; there is no affectation of it, as if it came second-hand, but appears the pure effusion of a highly gifted mind. The graces of his females are not borrowed from the stiffened artifices of drawing-rooms, nor the dignity of his men from the skill of a tailor; they are derived from nature alone, where is to be seen the true aristocracy of mind."

Several of Mr. Leslie's pictures have, as we have already stated, been engraved on a scale of considerable magnitude; and when the "Annals" were in full bloom, many of the best prints which ornamented them were from the productions of his pencil.

Having thus considered, however imperfectly, Mr. Leslie in his character as an artist, it remains for us to add a few words about him as a writer upon Art. It has often struck us as something remarkable in the annals of Art-literature, how very few of those whose pencils prove them

to be men of superior intelligences ever give their thoughts to the world through the medium of the pen; they either cannot, or will not, write: a large number cannot, nor is it to be expected; but very many can, and yet do not. Who ought to be so well able to enlighten others in these matters as they who have made them the study of their lives? Not to go beyond the painters of our own school, how limited is the number of authors which it includes: Reynolds, Barry, Opie, Fuseli, Phillips, published their lectures delivered in the Royal Academy, but these can scarcely be regarded as voluntary contributions to the literature of Art; while of the many living painters, we can call to mind only Sir C. Eastlake, Leslie, J. Burnet, J. D. Harding, and Pyne in the columns of the *Art-Journal*, who have taken up the pen to become teachers. In no other profession is such a dearth of writers to be found: in the church, in the army and navy, in law, in medicine, authors are numerous enough, affording abundant information to their professional brethren as well as to the public generally; so too has architecture. Painting and sculpture alone have to depend, generally, for their exposition, upon the amateur: it is a pity it should be so, but we fear there is little chance of its being otherwise.



Engraved by]

THE RIVALS.

[J. & G. F. Nicholls.

In 1845, Mr. Leslie published a "Life of Constable," a genuine and unaffected piece of biography, and a worthy tribute to the memory of that great landscape painter: we quoted at some length from it in our notice of Constable's works last year. In 1848 he accepted the office of Professor of Painting at the Academy, which he retained till 1851, resigning his post, chiefly, we believe, on account of the delicate state of his health, to its present occupier, Mr. S. A. Hart, R.A. The lectures delivered by Mr. Leslie to the students were published last year under the title of "A Handbook for Young Painters"†; we noticed the work when it appeared last year, but the present opportunity enables us to refer to it again.

While reading over these lectures a second time, we thought it not improbable there would be found in them something affording information on his principles of colouring, but we discover none; and it is somewhat singular that a painter who entertains so high an opinion, as Mr.

Leslie does, of the importance of colour, and who is so ardent an admirer of the school of great colourists—the Venetian, should so frequently have adopted almost the very opposite: he acknowledges the deficiency, if we may employ the term, and also the difficulty that lies in the way of any painter excelling in this quality. "It was, perhaps, very much from modesty that Reynolds placed the things he so greatly excelled in lower than I think they should be placed among the attributes of Art. It was natural that he should not think the most highly of what he found so easy; but as I have not the same reason for undervaluing colour and chiar-oscuro, I will endeavour to show why I venture to dissent on those points from so high an authority. * * * It is a fatal error to believe that Colour is a matter of more easy acquirement than Form; I conceive it to be far more difficult. Form may be measured; its anatomical structure may be investigated, its lines are not changed, as tints perpetually are, by the shifting light of day or the accidents of reflexes. If the beauties of form are subtle, those of colour are evanescent; and, combined with chiar-oscuro, from which, in nature, they are inseparable, they become the last refinements of the Art, as it addresses itself to the eye.

"It must be remembered that, at the present day, there are greater

* Arnold's "Magazine of the Fine Arts," 1834.

† "A Handbook for Young Painters." By C. R. Leslie, R.A. J. Murray, London, 1855.

obstacles in the way of becoming colourists than existed in the infancy of Painting. The discovery of chiar-oscuro has much increased the difficulties of colouring; and unfortunately, ever since the time of Raphael, indolence in a study so difficult has been able to shelter itself under the example of him who was indolent in nothing that belonged to the Art."

The following truthful remarks ought not to be lost on some of our young artists, whose great fault is that they are always looking at one or another of the leading men, whose style they are desirous of imitating because it has become popular.

"The minds of students are much more impressed, in the commencement of their studies, by the productions of their contemporaries, than by the works of the old masters, and these early impressions are not always wholly eradicated through the longest life. There may be seeming exceptions to this, but I believe there are very few real ones. That contemporary Art is the first to impress us may be advantageous, or otherwise, according to circumstances. Its advantages need not be dwelt upon, as such influence stands in no need of recommendation; but it may be useful to point out some of the dangers of what is an unavoidable, because an unconscious, habit of our students, the habit of resorting to our annual exhibitions as to so many schools.

"In an assemblage of the incidental productions of a year, and with which it is necessary to cover every inch of wall,* there must of necessity

be a great preponderance of the indifferent, and very much of what is positively bad; and inexperienced eyes cannot dwell often and long on this without injury. The student is apt to thank his stars that he can do better than much that he sees, and contents himself with respectable mediocrity; and the more so as it is found that mediocrity, managed with ordinary tact, may secure patronage and even fortune, while unworldly genius is often neglected. There are no topics more frequently dwelt on by writers and talkers than the faults of the age—and yet nothing so difficult to understand. But to the young artist it is of the last importance that he should see clearly what are the besetting sins of the school to which he belongs. These, it is very true, are to be seen in their fullest luxuriance in our exhibitions; but there is danger if the student resort frequently to them for instruction, that he may become hopelessly blind to the mannerism of the day; and indeed this error in self-education is the chief cause of the decline of Art in every school."

Mr. Leslie's opinions upon High Art harmonise with those we have frequently expressed:—"Englishmen," he says, "are constantly told by foreigners, and are constantly telling themselves, that High Art has never existed in England. True it is, there has been no British Michael Angelo, or Raphael, any more than there have been painters approaching to them in the modern schools of Italy, France, Germany, or Holland. But the Art of Hogarth, of Reynolds, of Gainsborough, of Wilson, of Fuseli, of



Engraved by]

SANCHO PANZA AND THE DUCHESS.

[J. & G. F. Nicholls.

Opie, Stothard, Turner, Constable, Wilkie, and of Etty, and the Art displayed in Haydon's 'Judgment of Solomon,'—what are we to call it?—I care not what, but I will say that, out of Great Britain, nothing so high has been produced since the death of Watteau; whose Art, distinct from its subject, is of the highest order.

"Latterly, the term 'High' has generally been exchanged for 'Religious,' which means Art of which the subjects are from the Bible or the Legends of the Church. I should make no objection to the definition as a matter of convenience, and if understood no otherwise than of Art of which the theme is religious. But, I fear, it is too much received and intended as defining a style necessarily differing from other styles.

"It is clear to me, that had any of the early Christian painters descended to subjects of familiar life, their treatment would not, in principle or in execution, have differed from that in their religious pictures, for in that of their portraits it did not. I think, therefore, that the

attaching of more importance than they deserve to such definitions as *religious Art* and *religious painters* is calculated to blind us to many of the beauties of nature, and to lead us to suppose that because, by the early masters, some of her grandest and most charming qualities were unperceived, they are inconsistent with religious feeling; and that there must be a marked difference between religious men, women, and children, and the rest of the world; and that even skies, trees, fields, rivers, and mountains may become religious, and therefore sublime, by their unlikeness to Nature. *Severe* is a word sometimes used, and I have also heard of *heroic* landscape. Such classifications are calculated to mislead the young, while they may be easily taken advantage of by the indolent and cunning, who, with little study or thought, may at once put themselves forward as religious painters, by some mannered deviations from Nature."

Mr. Ruskin, and the pre-Raphaelite school, will scarcely share in this opinion, nor in others of a similar nature contained in the volume.

It would be a very easy matter to cull from Mr. Leslie's "Handbook" many passages similar to those extracted, either as examples of his theories of Art, or of his critical remarks upon the works of other painters: we have, however, shown enough for our purpose, and as much as our space will allow, and must therefore take our leave of him with the expression of an opinion, that both as an artist and a writer upon Art, he is one of whom the British School has full reason to be proud.

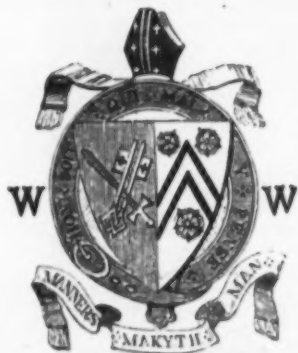
* We must take the liberty of differing from Mr. Leslie on this point; we think no such necessity really exists, and that it would in every way be far better to exclude many pictures that are hung than to admit them. In the first place they are useless where they are often hung, except, as Mr. Leslie says, to "cover the walls"; and secondly, the placing these pictures out of sight creates endless heart-burnings, which often terminate in indifference or disgust. It is our conviction that such admissions are neither profitable to the artist nor welcome to the public.

WINCHESTER COLLEGE.*

THE lives of the great and the good, of the men who made their brief sojourn in the world useful in "their day and generation," are always studied with pleasure and advantage; but how much greater and nobler is the record when devoted to the life and acts of one whose benevolence has very long outlived his age, but which still flourishes after five centuries have nearly elapsed, surviving all changes of time, creed, and manners, and blessing the present age as it has blessed the past? Such a man was William of Wykeham, and thus lasting has been his enlarged views and pious benevolence. More enduring than thrones and kingdoms, his collegiate foundations still bless our land; and while the record of conquerors becomes a schoolboy's task, he seems to live among us still, dispensing learning and charity as in his own day.

"Only the actions of the just,
Small sweet, and blossom in the dust."

Irrespective of the gratitude which all Englishmen owe to this prelate as a national benefactor, his life presents other claims to their attention. He is a glorious example, added to the numerous others it is our boast to show, of men who by intelligence, truthfulness, and perseverance, have raised themselves from the lowest grade to the highest in the land. William of Wykeham was the son of a simple yeoman, and born in the early part of the fourteenth century, a period when the rights of the commonalty were little understood, and still less cared for; when the old feudal laws were in full operation, and the



ARMS OF WYKEHAM.

difficulties which beset the upward path of the son of poor parents infinitely greater than we can now understand. Young William doubtless soon showed the bent of his mind, and a tendency to the books of the priest rather than the barn of the labourer. His assiduity in study attracted attention in an age when it was rare, and rarer still among his own class, so that the lord of the manor of Wykeham, Sir Nicholas Uvedale, desired his services as clerk. Sir Nicholas held the offices of Lieutenant of Southampton, and Governor of Winchester Castle, and when the young man grew to be his secretary, his tact and ability in writing to the nobles and the king promoted him to the same office in the household of Bishop Edyngdon, of Winchester.

At this time Wykeham was in good reputation as an architect, and certain repairs and alterations made in Winchester Castle, then a royal residence, introduced him to the notice of King Edward III., who on his return from the taking of Calais, made a sojourn there. At this time William was but twenty-three years of age, but the king saw in him the man he needed, and henceforth his rise in the state was sure though gradual. He directed his attention still more to clerical studies, and the king conferred, two years afterwards, his first benefice upon him. In those days, when the church was all-powerful, and numbered amongst its sons all the professors of the liberal arts, the ability of Wykeham as an architect added greatly to his chances of position

* WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM AND HIS COLLEGE. By MACKENZIE E. C. WALCOTT, M.A. Published by D. NUTT, London and Winchester.

among his fellows. To record his steady rise in temporal and ecclesiastical power would occupy too much of our present space. Suffice it to say, that he became one of the greatest men of his age, the chancellor of the king, and the benefactor of the poor, dying, full of years and honours, September 27, 1404, at the age of eighty years; he was buried in the cathedral of Winchester

which he had loved so well, and decorated so liberally.

It is no small privilege to be the historian of such a man; to feel called upon, after five centuries have experienced the benefit of his wisdom and charity, to narrate the rise and power he possessed, and how well he used it. With Mr. Walcott this has evidently been a labour of love,



WATER MEADS, WINCHESTER.

yet done with discriminating taste. He speaks of the great churchman justly when he says:—"With a lofty genius, capable of planning and achieving mighty things, set in high places the most seductive to the enterprising mind, the wise head and sound heart of Wykeham neither grew confused, nor yielded to temptation;"

hence he has won this due eulogium, and, our author observes, "his greatest praise is, that he will be remembered as one of the best known of Christian bishops in any age, the mild benefactor of his country."

With the innate nobility of a truly great mind, Wykeham never forgot his early days and their



LIBRARY DOOR, WINCHESTER COLLEGE.

associations, and the experience gained in his passage through life, he treasured up as hints for doing good, where good was needed to be done. With him Christianity was an active principle, not bounded by ecclesiastical routine, but spreading forth in general benevolence. His corn was not only garnered, but sent forth as

seed for abundant future crops, and the present age is now gathering the harvest he sowed. "He believed himself God's almoner," says Mr. Walcott; "he gathered only to spend for the benefit of his fellows. Selfish motives and temporary ends he cast from him; he is one whom England should look upon with a sacred love, and whose

memory she may take home to her heart without reproach or fear."

Well might Wykeham take for his motto the expressive words, "Manners makyth Man;" without patrimony or inheritance, his own pains, fidelity, and unwearied industry, had been his only recommendation to the favour of princes; nor did he falsely feel shame to remember it. "As appears from his seals, upon his accession to the episcopate, he still used two chevrons between three roses (the chevron, or carpenter's couple, as Nicholas Upton, the herald, wrote, being 'signum per carpentarios, et domorum fautores portatum'), in allusion to his knowledge of architecture, to which he owed his rise and fortune." To his unceasing efforts in designing and rebuilding his cathedral at Winchester, the architectural student owes a debt of gratitude,



WYKEHAM'S ARCHIDIACONAL SEAL.

but his great educational foundations, the colleges at Winchester and Oxford, demand here a few words.

Oxford, in the time of Wykeham, had sunk low; poverty, neglect, and pestilence had done their work; silly disputes between the academicians and friars abounded. The prelate brought an enlarged mind to bear on the reform of education. He founded New College in that city, and in such a manner that his rules show a degree of enlightenment much in advance of his age. In Winchester he founded the College of St. Mary, to act as the nursing mother of the Oxford institution, and which still subsists as flourishing as if the good bishop was yet bestowing upon it his fatherly care.

Winchester College occupies the spot where stood, in his days, a small decayed grammar-



WYKEHAM'S PRIVATE SEAL.

school, built upon the ruins of a Roman Temple to Apollo, and here, they say, our great King Alfred studied. The early associations of Wykeham were connected with the building, and he determined to found a new and more useful school there. How he did this must be told by Mr. Walcott, and to his pages would we refer for much pleasant reading thereupon. What he did still remains, and it is well worth the trouble of a journey from busy London to view

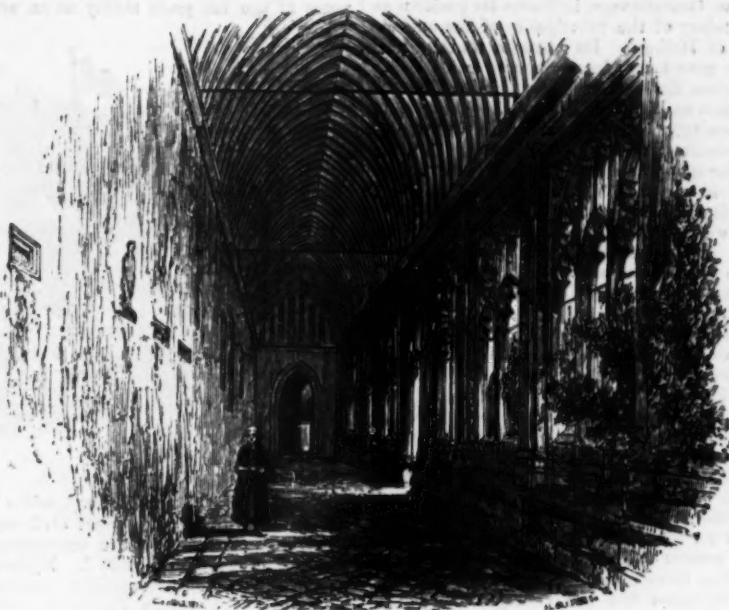
"the calm sequestered shade"

of the cloistered walks, the noble chapel, and the peaceful home good Bishop William has left for scholars. The pleasant meadows near the heights of St. Catherine, the old Hospital of St. Cross, are all happy spots in close vicinage, and the heart must be cold indeed that can stroll

around Winchester, the courtly home of our Saxon kings, without grateful feelings toward the illustrious departed!

Beneath the spot where the school-boy prayed, the honoured prelate sleeps. His effigy lies, says Mr. Walcott, "upon a raised tomb of alabaster, beneath the lofty vaulting of a chapel rich in carved work; it is the figure of a peaceful

slumberer, in his holy robes, the mitre on his head, the staff by his side, his face turned heavenward, and his hands joined in prayer across the bosom, concealed by purple folds. The lines of thought, the lineaments of high resolve and noblest courage, are imprinted on the pale countenance; good angels watch around the head; at the feet are seated children, in the



THE CLOISTERS OF WINCHESTER SCHOOL.

dress of his students, with loving faces, praising their benefactor."

One poetic custom—a tradition of old times—still exists among the scholars; it is the singing of the noble old chaunt *Dulce Domum* a few weeks before holidays. The old tradition asserts it to be the remembrance of the fate of a scholar

in the olden time, who was kept fastened to a pillar at school during the vacation, while his happier school-fellows were at their homes. Before they had returned, their unfortunate school-mate had sickened and died.

We have already said that Mr. Walcott brings due enthusiasm to his task, and the result has



VIEW FROM THE WARDEN'S GARDEN, WINCHESTER.

been a work elevated above the ordinary dry reading such books almost invariably present. The volume is elegant, also, in its "getting up," and is enriched by many excellent architectural engravings on steel, and several tasteful woodcuts, of which our present pages exhibit specimens. To Wykehamists—as our author delights

to call the students of his colleges—it must be a very acceptable volume; but it has claims on all who take interest in our educational foundations, as the true source of the intellectual greatness of the country; or who desire that noblest of instruction which all may gather from the life of a good and truly noble man.

THE HOME OF PAUL POTTER.

BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL SKETCHES
BY THE AUTHOR.

THE Hague has always been considered the most aristocratic and pleasant of Dutch towns. Its old name, Gravenhaage, indicates its position as the boundary of the principality of the ancient Counts of Holland. Its pleasant and healthy position gave it an advantage over most other towns when Holland became a kingdom, and it was chosen as the residence of the court. Its close proximity to the sea, the healthy character of its location, and the fresh beauty of the wood which for ages was allowed to grow as nature pleased in its close vicinage, were all charms uncombined elsewhere, and "*les délices de la Haye*" were spoken of even at the court of Versailles. The palace of the Stadtholder was here, and the picturesque pile of building used as the town-hall was the scene of many an event and discussion vital to the interests of Holland, in an age fruitful of great events to that country, whose annals possess an interest second to those of no other modern European state. It would almost be expected in the nature of things that the marshy tract of unproductive sand which forms this country, would be left to the quiet possession of the industrious people who had with such unwearied assiduity reclaimed it from the sea. Scarcely would it be possible to mark out a place in the old maps of Europe less attractive for the foundation of a settlement, presenting greater difficulties to be overcome, and demanding more constant care to preserve when these difficulties had been conquered. It was rescued from the sea only to be reclaimed by it upon the slightest relaxation of vigilant watchfulness,—but the fear of encroachments from their natural enemy was as nothing to the native Hollanders, compared to those which had menaced for many centuries their civil and religious liberties; and the records of no country present more noble instances of unflinching patriotism and bold love of liberty than theirs do, when its sons were vindicating for its unwholesome swamps the only attractiveness they could ever possess, the consciousness that it was the country of free men.

We have already noted, in the lives of Cuyp and Rembrandt, the quietude with which their days passed amidst the din and bustle of an age of political and religious warfare. In Paul Potter we have another instance of this mental abstraction, which could allow the mind to be withdrawn from the ordinary doings of the world, to pursue a calm course of its own, achieving its own greatness by a placid energy which could not be turned aside from its goal. His life was a short one, but he employed his brief sojourn most earnestly in the study of Art through Nature. He won, and will ever hold, an undying name as its true exponent, while his works increase in value as time adds to their years, and true criticism advances our knowledge. Thus the painting which delighted at first as a simple transcript of nature, becomes, as we study it more, like nature itself—a hidden mine of poetry, awaiting the research of the earnest student who will seek to discover it.

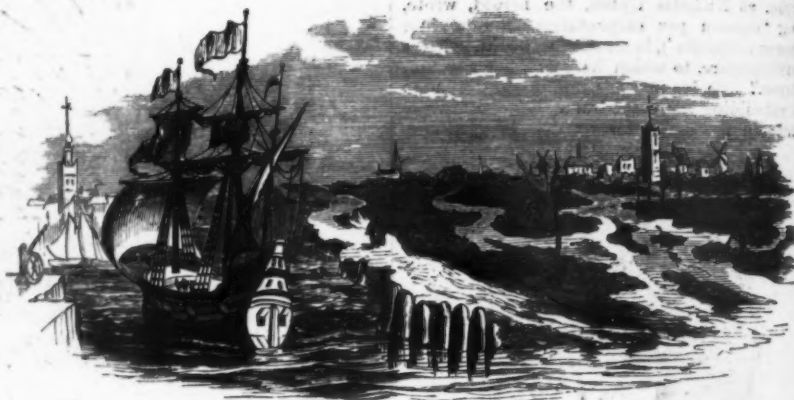
The Hague may be considered as the "home" of Paul Potter, in the best sense of the word—that sense which makes the word convey to the mind all that is genial and lovable, and that marks the happy residence where intellect expands itself freely, and attaches itself fondly to the place of its growth. Though Amsterdam was the city of his early days, the Hague was the home of his choice, and his happiest years were passed within its boundaries; or in wandering beneath the shade of its neighbouring wood; or seeking subjects in the fertile fields of its vicinity. His desires and wants were bounded by this simple practice, and his native genius could elevate all he saw so readily and well, as to insure a place of honour on the walls of a palace to the simplest rural scene Holland might offer to his inspired pencil.

Potter was born, in the year 1625, in the town of Eekhuizen, where his father practised Art, but

ranked low as a painter. His ancestors had held honourable posts in that city, and were descended from the noble house of Egmont. Soon after his birth his father went to Amsterdam as a permanent residence, and here he taught his son all that he knew of the rudiments of Art. He never had another master, nor did he seem to want one, for his own genius did for him what no master alone could effect; and at fourteen years of age his great ability as an artist was

acknowledged; but he felt the trammels of home life, and left it soon afterwards for the Hague.

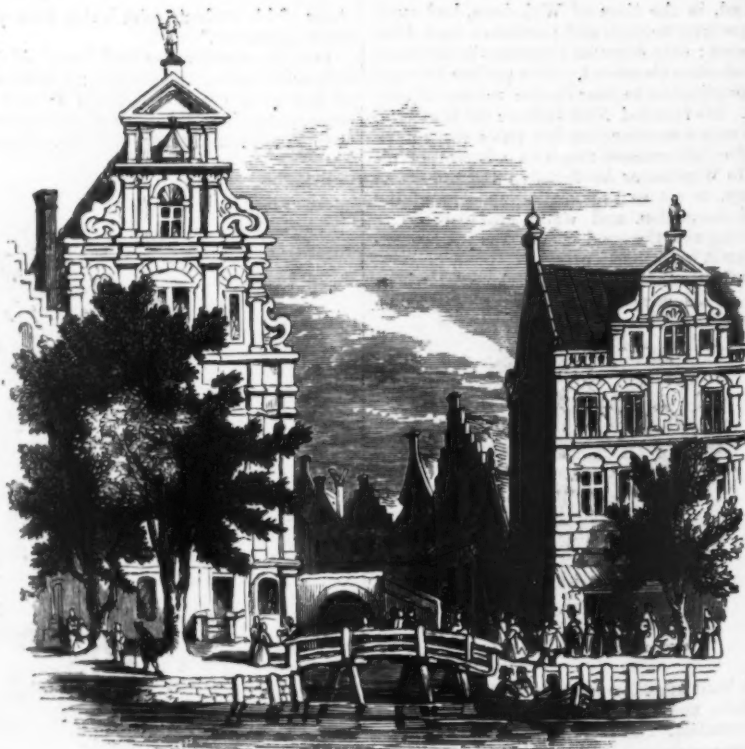
Holland at this time had declared itself free from foreign yoke; the tyranny, falsehood, and cruelty of Spanish rule had been effectually opposed, even to the partial destruction of the country, and a brighter day dawned on its brave people.* Spain had become weakened in its resources, Germany was torn by religious wars,



A DUTCH SEA-PORT: 1635.

France was the ally of Holland, while England was busied with its own great civil war, in determined opposition to the encroachments on its liberties made by Charles I. Holland at last held a proud and independent position under its Stadtholder, Prince Frederick Henry. By land its arms had been successful, but at sea they were glorious; and the brilliant victory of

Van Tromp, known by the name of the battle of the Downs, from having been fought off the coast of England on the 21st of October, 1639, raised the naval reputation of Holland to the highest point. The trade of the country had steadily increased, and the distant settlements of Brazil and Batavia, as well as the enormous trade with the East and West Indies, enriched



AMSTERDAM IN 1630.

the merchantmen of the land immensely. Although taxation was enormous, and its national debt excessive, the country enjoyed great wealth and power, and the taste for pictures and the luxuries of life increased greatly.

The prospects of Potter were therefore good; and the objection made by the rich architect, Balkenende, when he asked his daughter in marriage, that he was "only an animal-painter," and ineligible for such an honour, was soon removed by the patronage so profitably enjoyed by the young artist; at the age of twenty-five,

Potter therefore married his daughter Adrienne,

* The great dykes, upon which the very existence of the country depends, were cut in many places to submerge invading armies; and at Leyden, during the memorable siege in 1575, the sea flowed up to the walls of the town, destroying above one thousand Spanish soldiers, the inhabitants sallying out in boats, and continuing an amphibious combat with others who had ascended trees. The whole country for 20 leagues around was ruined for agricultural pursuits for many years. Indeed, during these wars, it became almost reduced to its original state—a tract of waste mud, sand, and stagnant water.

a somewhat gay and flighty young lady for a Dutchwoman, and settled himself in one of the best houses of the town, which was soon frequented by the principal men of Holland, who deluged the painter with commissions, which he executed with untiring energy and comparative ease, because he had in the close vicinity of his home an abundant field of study, and his favourite flocks and herds were ever near him in infinite variety.

The rich character of the vegetation in Holland is due to the irrigation the soil so continually receives. The whole country is a network of canals, but it is in "the Polders" that the greatest fertility is seen; this is a technical term for a tract of ground which has been once a morass or lake, below the level of the sea, but which has been reclaimed by clearing away the water. The great lake of Haarlem has recently been converted into most profitable garden and pasture-land in this way. This is done by the simple process of forming a raised bank all round the lake, to prevent water from flowing into it. A series of windmills, each working water-wheels, is then erected on this dyke to pump the water upward into a canal on their own level, from whence it is drained off into the sea, or lifted into a series of higher canals by the same wind-agency. Thus we find sometimes three or four stages of canals used to lift the water to a proper level for drainage. The fertile soil which forms the bed of the Polder is laid out into a series of fields in the form of parallelograms, each separated on all sides by a deep ditch, the waters in which form the only means of communication with the fields, and render other guard over cattle unnecessary, as they cannot roam from the confined space allotted to them. The small ditches are continually kept to a proper level by the industrious water-mills, and the canals thus filled communicate with the others which intersect the country, and give water-way* for commerce of all kinds, and the supply of the markets. Thus a very large pastoral portion of Holland is artificial, and requires constant watching; the least neglect or inattention might prejudice much property, and ruin an agricultural district.† It has been well observed that "the inhabitant of the provinces bordering on the sea, or the Rhine, constantly threatened with the danger of submersion, is not more secure than he who dwells on the side of Etna, or at the foot of Vesuvius, with a volcano heaving beneath him. A stranger can have a full impression of this only when he walks at the foot of one of these vast dykes, and hears the roar of the waves on the outside, sixteen or twenty feet higher than his head."‡ In the days of Potter the system of perfect drainage now seen in Holland had not been introduced; the small streams were allowed to flow and spread lazily over the land, and the engraving we copy of a Dutch seaport, from the curious "Book of Emblems," by I. Cats, published at Dort in 1635, gives an excellent idea of this. The sluggish stream which flows from the village inundates the fields irregularly, and men are employed in marking its boggy boundaries by warning-posts. The sea-wall for the protection of the port, formed by the stems of trees, stretches far away, and makes an agreeable promenade. These ramparts are generally formed of clay, their surface sometimes being protected by wicker-work of willow-twigs, which, as they perish in the course of three or four years, require to be

* This simple and convenient mode of transit is abundantly adopted in Holland. It suits the quiet habits of the people best, to glide leisurely over the canals from town to town in the *treckschuyt*, or passenger-boat; it is also a communication which improves in winter; for at that season the whole population don their skates, and travel with great rapidity over the ice, which gives continued connection all over the country. Market-women will carry their wares an incredible distance in this way.

† So short a time ago as the year 1825, the whole of Holland was in great danger from the quantity of water which rushed from the mouths of the Rhine and Meuse, and the extraordinary height of the tides. It is declared, that had the sea continued to rise but one quarter of an hour more, the great dykes which protect Amsterdam would have overflowed, and that city might have been ruined. As it was, it occupied more than two years of incessant labour to repair the damage done.

‡ The coat of arms of the province of Zealand fancifully alludes to the geographical position it holds, and consists of a lion half submerged in the waves, with the motto, "Luctor, et emergo," I struggle to keep above water.

constantly watched and renewed. The base, if not protected by piles, is generally faced with stones, or walled with hard-baked bricks, called *clinkers*, while rows of piles form breakwaters as a further protection to their solidity. Thus continuously has the Hollander to labour in the preservation of his country, and nowhere is in-

dustry so strikingly visible as among the Dutch; for it meets the eye continually, and challenges observation everywhere. The ground beneath the feet is "made earth," to use a gardener's term; sometimes brought from considerable distances, and only preserved from being washed away by the embankments just alluded to. This



TOWN HALL, THE HAGUE.

necessary attention to the state of the land produces an extremely artificial look over its entire surface. It seems as if the whole country had been constructed by human labour; more particularly as the Hollander scarcely allows a blade of grass to grow freely—all is trimmed and tended with care; while bushes and shrubs

are subjected to the gardener's shears, and cut into those wonderful figures of birds and beasts occasionally to be seen in quiet English villages, where Dutch taste has penetrated. Even large trees occasionally assume the form of square masses of foliage supported on naked upright stems, or else are tortured on iron frameworks



A DUTCH POLDER.

till they look as little like trees as a Chinese lady's foot resembles that of the Venus de Medicis.

In Holland the laws of nature seem to be reversed; the sea is higher than the land—the lowest ground in the country is 24 feet below high-water mark, and when the tide is driven high by the wind, 30 feet! In no other country do the keels of the ships float above the chim-

neys of the houses, and, nowhere else does the frog, croaking from among the bulrushes, look down upon the swallow on the house-top. Where rivers take their course it is not in beds of their own choosing; they are compelled to pass through canals, and are confined within fixed bounds by the stupendous mounds imposed on them by human Art, which has also

succeeded in overcoming the "everywhere-else" resistless impetuosity of the ocean. In a very extensive range of the country there is not a stone or pebble to be found in the alluvial or sandy soil; and there are no hills, save such as are raised by the winds; unless, indeed, we take into consideration those vast artificial mountains of granite which have been brought at enormous expense from Norway and Sweden, and sunk under water to serve as barriers to the sea. Excepting the eastern provinces, the parks of Haarlem and the Hague, and the avenues leading from one city to another, the land does not produce much wood; but then entire Norwegian forests have been buried beneath the mud in the shape of piles.*

It is in some degree surprising that so pure and good a school of natural Art should have been formed by its native-born painters, and still more remarkable that men thus compelled to see only conventional views of her beauties, should look upon the goddess dressed in Dutch taste, but delineate her in all the freedom of the purest innocence and simplicity. We might have expected a sort of Chinese landscape painting to have predominated, and cattle to have rivalled in pictures the productions of their own pottery at Delft; but the painters of Holland never committed this error, they seem

to have avoided with scrupulous care any other than the purest features she presented to them. To them she denied her grander traits—the rocky beauties of Switzerland, or the verdant graces of Italy. With them the all-glorious Rhine became a flat heavy stream, pouring its many mouths to the sea in a swamp of mud; yet limited as the field of native Art thus necessarily became, the Dutch artists, by their unwearied study of nature, and profound and patient delineation of its most minute characteristics, founded a school at once original and excellent.

Among all their national painters, none held higher rank than Paul Potter, whose finest work, "The Young Bull," still decorates the public gallery of the Hague, the favourite residence of the painter, the scene of his studies and his triumphs, but wanting, alas! in the greatest joy of all—domestic felicity. His wife was fond of flirtations which gave the peaceful painter constant uneasiness, and to such an extreme was this at last carried, that the artist one day caught his wife listening to one of her admirers; when enraged beyond measure, he cast over them the net-work he carried on his arm; and which he had taken from his horse, who wore it to keep off the flies; then tying them together with it, he exposed them both to the laughter of

the habit of painting, and he was anxious that size should be no bar to his success. The life-sized pictures of animals he now painted, although characterised by vigour and truth of touch, lose greatly in interest and beauty by their gigantic proportions, and the celebrated bull at the Hague disappoints at first sight, while few would wish to possess it in preference to his less obtrusive works. But to whatever scale the artist worked, he was always the captivating exponent of simple nature, and gave a truth, and a life, and a poetry to his scenes, which elevate the commonplace to the classic.

An early death awaited the artist; he had not completed his twenty-ninth year when he expired of a decline; leaving behind him the wife he fondly loved, in spite of her blameable levities; and a little daughter three years old. In the great chapel at Amsterdam lie the remains of this one of the greatest artists of Holland;—the painter reposes in the very reverse of the quiet scenes he loved so well to depict. All around it is the bustle of life, the throng of commerce, the din of busy feet. The quaint and characteristic steeple peeps over tall warehouses, surrounding busy docks where produce is unladen from all quarters of the world. You cannot rest on the bridges which span the canal to reflect on the mausoleum of the painter, for the heavily-laden cart is constantly moving with merchandise, or the quaint old coach almost noiselessly sliding on its sledge in place of wheels, might too dangerously disturb your reverie. There is something incongruous in seeking the grave of the pastoral painter in such ungenial scenes; and in the very midst of "life's fitful fever" to find the grave of one who revelled in "fresh fields and pastures new"; who studied them with a poet's love, and delineated them with the highest artistic power; whose whole soul was imbued with a love of nature, and whose head should have slept where trees shadow and flowers garnish the sod; pastoral life smiling around the resting-place of its truest worshipper.

An artist like Potter is a creator of a style; his genius enables him not only to delineate what he sees, but to express the hidden sentiment which gives the charm to nature itself. He has gone below the surface. He has been thus contrasted with painters of his school by a modern critic: "Others have painted cows, oxen, well-drawn sheep, all well-coloured and painted. He alone has seized their expression, the physiognomy of their inner existence, of their instinct. We admire the flocks and herds of Berghem, of Van der Velde, of Karel Dujardin; we are touched by those of Paul Potter."

It should ever be remembered that it is to the artists of Holland we owe a relief from the trammels of the mere "academic" school. It is to their love of nature, and persevering study of her beauties that we are indebted for a purely natural series of pictures, which rely alone for immortality on their true reflection of her varied beauties. The world as it lay around us was long a book unstudied in the flights of fancy after the ideal. To them was given the power of discovering the gold that is hidden amid the dross; the poetry that is in humble nature; the sentiment that lurks beneath the simplest form. They created therefore a new School of Art, and a school which might successfully appeal to all, by the simplicity of its sphere of action. The minute traits of nature in their pictures resemble the charming traits of her features which delight us in the poetry of Shakespeare or of Burns. As the "lush woodbine" or the "mountain daisy" could gladden the hearts of these noble poets into song, so the changing aspects of the sky could elevate into grandeur the simplest elements of Rembrandt's pictures, and the level meads and happy cattle of Paul Potter give a sentiment of happiness to the spectator, like that felt by Goethe's "Faust," when, tired of all the artificial glories of life, he feels his loftiest emotions arise from the contemplation of the fertile fields and happy peasantry around him. Truly has the bard of Avon declared

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin," and while this cosmopolitan relationship exists the Dutch painters will find admirers.



THE GREAT CHAPEL, AMSTERDAM.

the friends in his house. So ridiculous and disgraceful an affair soon became the talk of the town, and at last grew to be so disagreeable as to oblige the painter to remove to Amsterdam.

It was in 1652 that the painter settled in that city. The Burgomaster Tulp was his great patron, and enriched his fine gallery with the principal works of the artist. Amsterdam was at this period one of the wealthiest of European cities, and its rich traders delighted in embellishing their houses with pictures, carvings, and the rarest and most costly works of India, China, and Japan—a taste which has survived to the present day; and nowhere is so much of the finest work of this kind to be seen as in Holland, while rare old china is in the dealers' shops as common as Staffordshire ware among ourselves. The noble old houses of Antwerp, constructed by the De Ruyters, the Van Tulps, and the rich burghers of old days, still stand to attest their wealth and magnificence; but if we would see the city as in the days of its greatest glory, we must turn over the pages of the chroniclers of its great public events. There is a magnificent volume devoted to a detail of the reception given by the city to Catherine de' Medici, embellished by the most minute and beautiful engravings by Savery, and we have selected a view on the grand canal from this rare volume, to illustrate

the Amsterdam of Potter's era.* The view comprises a group of imposing houses, intersected by smaller canals, over which miniature bridges are carried, and it gives an excellent idea of the characteristics of one of the most extraordinary cities of Europe. Some few of these noble mansions still remain in Amsterdam in all their pristine integrity, giving a stately look to its old quays as their time-honoured fronts surmount the trees which line the borders of the canals. Their architectural characteristics might be considered as "debased" in the judgment of a severe student of the Art of building; but they have an imposing effect with their rich arcades, floriated pilasters, and fanciful gabled fronts, surmounted by statues, or vases of flowers.

After the removal of Potter to Amsterdam, he enlarged the proportions of his pictures, forgetful of the important fact, that size does not constitute greatness—for the ancient artists of Greece developed their genius as grandly upon an intaglio or a coin, as they did upon the Elgin marbles. He was, in fact, betrayed into this by emulation rather than design, for he saw there, in the possession of wealthy amateurs, pictures of far larger proportions than he had been in

* It is entitled "Blyde Inkomst der Allerdoorluchtigste Koninginne Maria de' Medici t'Amsterdam," and was published in that city in 1639: her majesty having paid the visit on her way to England, to visit her daughter, Henrietta-Maria, wife of our Charles I.

* Murray's "Handbook for Holland."

MODERN PAINTERS.*

THE conclusion of a given term of years leaves few of us morally the same as we were at its commencement. It is we think about ten years since the first volume of "Modern Painters" awaked the Art-circles to a consciousness of their utter ignorance of Turner. It might have been hoped that the mellowing influence of such a period had dealt with the impulsive emotions of Mr. Ruskin as it operates upon the crude sensibilities of others. But in the way of improvement, ten years have been a blank to him—he has learnt nothing. The book before us, it is true, is characterised by a selfish prudence in the abstinence of its author from that reckless dealing with names and reputations which blots the pages of former volumes—but Mr. Ruskin is not chastened; this is sufficiently evidenced by his notice of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy of last year, and yet more distinctly shown by a letter addressed by him to an artist of eminence in reference to Roberts' picture—"Rome." In the pages under notice the author has abstained almost entirely from abusive reference to British artists; but this negative atonement for the past will avail but little—it will not avert the finger of scorn, or silence the laugh of contempt; he learns too late that it is as easy to sneer in dispraise as it is to vociferate in clamorous and senseless laudation: the former injures himself—he feels it, and has omitted it in this book; the latter only injures his victim—this he will never feel. All that he has written in favour of Turner will not add one shilling to the real value of the works of that artist—were it so, surely even Mr. Ruskin would be ashamed of the cause he has taken up. Nor will anything that he has set forth against those men whose works he has so ignorantly and coarsely attacked, ever depreciate their productions to the consideration of one sixpence. Had Mr. Ruskin known really anything of the principles of Art, he might in his criticisms have been in some degree dangerous—as it is he is only ridiculous. Is this to be his last volume on the subject of "Modern Painters" ("Tandem aliquando Quirites—?"); the worst of it is, that having taken him by the hand from the first, we feel bound to read and report upon all he writes; in which, while seeking reputation, he has attained only to notoriety. Years ago we sought for something about Art in his first volume, but finding nothing we dismissed it in a few lines; his third, we cannot part with on such terms, because he has now been so long before the world in particular, and is now attempting the famous stage trick known in pantomimic circles as "swallowing himself." In any three volumes upon a given subject it is impossible to find less matter relative to the subject proposed. It is doubtful whether the series could ever be made of any utility, but it might be at least less offensive if, with the assistance of some competent person, he were to cut the whole down to a volume of three hundred or three hundred and fifty pages. Mr. Ruskin's criticism consists of two extremities—violent and unreasonable censure—extravagant and groundless eulogy. Such is the character of the book before us, we find its author continually in the suburbs, but never within the province, of Art; the book professes something about everything but painting. We have poetry, music, botany, geology, anything; but as soon as he feels himself warming into Art, he adverts to the leaf of the flower in his button-hole, or we may go and gather limpets on the sea-shore. The work is an overdone and excessively ill-designed frame with a blank canvas. In his chapter on "High Art," we thought at least he would have turned to Michael Angelo, and have turned his "Fall of the Damned" inside out; he might in hardihood have attempted it. But to turn at once to this book and its contents there is some significance in the quotation on the title page, from Wordsworth:

"..... accuse me not
Of arrogance."

* MODERN PAINTERS. Volume III. Containing Part IV. OF MANY THINGS. By JOHN RUSKIN, M.A., &c. London: SMITH, ELDER, & Co., 65, Cornhill.

If having walked with Nature,
And offered, far as frailty would allow,
My heart a daily sacrifice to truth,
I now affirm of Nature and of truth," &c.

This is a confession that the author feels in some degree the truth of the strictures he has drawn down on himself; but it cannot be expected that it will be accepted as an apology by those whom he has so deeply outraged. The writer states in his preface that the delay in the appearance of this volume was occasioned by the death of Turner. "The first and second volumes were written to check, as far as I could, the attacks upon Turner, which prevented the public from honouring his genius at the time when his power was greatest. The check was partially given (?), but too late: Turner was seized by painful illness not long after the second volume appeared: his works towards the close of the year 1845 showed a conclusive failure of power; and I saw that nothing remained for me but to write his epitaph. The critics had done their proper and appointed work;—they had embittered, more than those who did not know Turner intimately could have believed possible, the closing years of his life; and had blinded the world in general (as it appears ordained by Fate that the world always shall be blinded) to the presence of a great spirit among them, till the hour of its departure. With them, and their successful work, I had nothing more to do; the account of gain and loss, of gifts and gratitude, between Turner and his countrymen, was for ever closed." This is an entirely new feature in Turner's biography—he died a martyr to the insensibility of the public and the strictures of critics, to which he was exposed during a lengthened and prosperous period of perhaps sixty-five years! Who will believe this maudlin absurdity? Turner died full of honour, and with a fortune very much larger, perhaps, than has ever been amassed by any member of the profession. Turner as a painter was idolised by the profession, and the public rushed in crowds to see his works, and purchased them at what prices soever he chose to appreciate them.

The expiring flicker of that vivid power which had made his reputation, was seen in two Venetian subjects, exhibited in the Royal Academy about fifteen or sixteen years ago. After these, all was uncertain; perhaps the "Téméraire" was his greatest work in the interval between that period and his death. The only hope for an artist late in life is to paint with even more care than he has been accustomed to employ in his youth. But Turner abandoned himself to a course of levity and eccentricity which his warmest friends could not defend. He himself did not understand his own extravagances. Mr. Ruskin professed to expound them, but he never could assist any one else to a knowledge of them. He does not aid the reputation of his friend in making him die of a broken heart, after a career of unexampled success. The first chapter, "Touching the Grand Style," is a fine field for one who has travelled and seen so much of Art as the author of this book; but it turns rather upon a paper by Reynolds contributed to the "Rambler," without venturing independently to touch at all upon any of the many examples of the "Grand Style" which we possess in this country—a subject which alone might have filled a volume. In treating of "Greatness of Style," it is said:—"For nearly every word that Reynolds wrote was contrary to his own practice: he seems to have been born to teach all error by his precept, and all excellence by his example: he enforced with his lips generalisation and idealism, while with his pencil he was tracing the patterns of the dresses of the belles of the day: he exhorted his pupils to attend only to the invariable, while he himself was occupied in distinguishing every variation of womanly temper: and he denied the existence of the beautiful, at the same instant that he arrested it as it passed, and perpetuated it for ever."

It does not surprise us, who know precisely Mr. Ruskin's qualifications, that he should write thus; but it will much surprise every artist who may read this, and a multitude of similar passages, that he should propose himself as an authority

in matters of painting, without being acquainted with the principles of the art. Mr. Ruskin does not seem to understand that, although Reynolds was a portrait-painter, he was also President of the Academy, and in that character delivered lectures upon, not portrait but historical painting. It had been well if some friend of the author of "Modern Painters" had looked over his manuscript before he gave it forth with such glaring errors to the world. He does not know that the same principles which assist the adjustment of the most complicated works, are also applicable to a single figure. Yet in his considerations on "Greatness of Style," notwithstanding his patent deficiencies, he presumes to set forth the elements of "greatness," saying that "the habitual choice of sacred subjects—such as the Nativity, Transfiguration, Crucifixion—(if the choice be sincere) implies that the painter has a natural disposition to dwell on the highest thoughts of which humanity is capable; it constitutes him so far forth a painter of the highest order." &c. In this strain we are told that Leonardo is a painter of the highest order; Raffaele, in reference to his School of Athens, is an artist of the second order. Again: in ordinary life, Hunt holds the highest rank, and Leslie is classed in the second, and Webster and Teniers are classed together. The book extends to 339 pages; and, little as there is, either new or in anywise available about Art, the author sometimes stumbles upon a wholesome truth. If the histories of the Bible are not still all waiting to be painted, not a very large proportion of those that have been attempted have received that justice which will satisfy a severe critic. The monstrous anachronisms in mediæval, and even in modern Art, are most offensive to every enquiring intelligence. We are told that Moses has never been painted; Elijah never; David never; Deborah never; Gideon never; Isaiah never. We perhaps go farther than Mr. Ruskin in this: if these, however, are the few sacred characters who have not been painted, there remains, perhaps, a considerably extensive list that have. What had Turner ever to do with Religious Art? We know not: yet we are told (p. 60) that Turner's Art and the Pre-Raphaelite movement, are to form the foundation of a new and a true method of religious painting. Turner—who ever revelled in the festive sunshine—devoted to the pleasures, luxuries, and utilities of this life—pronounced a painter of sacred history! Mr. Ruskin tells us that Religious painting is the highest class of Art, and places those artists who paint ordinary subjects in the second, third, and fourth ranks; and yet Turner, who painted only Venice and a thousand less interesting localities, is a painter of the first-class—a religious artist! It took something to make Turner smile, but he would have laughed outright at this, had such an observation been made to him in his life-time. He was much astonished at reading the qualities attributed by Ruskin to his works—he never knew what it meant: but it would have been still more unintelligible to him to be ranked among the religious painters.

We are glad to squeeze our author by the hand from time to time: we must agree with him upon a second point which seems entirely new to him. He takes three pages to tell us by precept and anecdote that in all Art the beautiful may be allowed to supersede rule or principle. In this long discussion he never hits upon the word genius. Great men, we are told, never know why they do this or that; they never speak of principles. The moment a man recognises a principle, Mr. Ruskin writes him down as a person of the lowest capacity. It is perfectly true that in all Art there are accidental flats and sharps, for which the author of a passage of painting or of music will account, not according to a principle, but because they tell well in the places into which they have fallen.

As an example of the complacent egotism of the book, we need only say that at the opening of the chapter on the Grotesque we find in the first seven lines the first personal pronoun "I" occurring no less than six times. Hence it will not seem surprising that Mr. Ruskin should continually fall back upon himself, referring to

"what I have said" in "The Stones of Venice," or in some antecedent volume. He adopts, accordingly, from "The Stones of Venice," the three kinds of grotesque there propounded. (A). Art arising from healthful but irrational play of the imagination in times of rest. (B). Art arising from irregular and accidental contemplation of terrible things; or evil in general. (C). Art arising from the confusion of the imagination by the presence of truths which it cannot wholly grasp. Although we continually find that the earliest acceptance of words is worn out, and other significations insensibly arise, yet the word "grotesque" is one which must ever remain the same, because it describes that definite character which distinguished the ancient ornamental compositions that were discovered during the brilliant period of Italian Art. The qualities of grotesqueness will always be associated with the ludicrous, and no effort upon the part of this writer will ever raise the meaning to heroic sense. From these dull prosaic periods we look up from time to time with a doubt that we can be reading the convictions of one who professes to have dwelt so long in the courts of Art—the whole series of essays looks so like one continued satirical experiment on public credulity. This essay on the "Grotesque" absorbs the whole cycle of the Muses—Ariel is a grotesque, as is also Titania! There is the "noble" grotesque, and the "sublime" grotesque; and the writer does not hesitate to address himself to Scripture for varieties of example, of which the following is quoted as one:—"Jeremiah, what seest thou? I see a seething pot, and the face thereof is toward the north. Out of the north an evil shall break forth upon all the inhabitants of the land." The word *αλαγροφία* is utterly ignored, but it nevertheless will retain its significance until some better term be found. If the grotesque be allowed to be thus comprehensive, wherefore are not the sublimest effusions of Milton—the most touching utterances of Shakespeare—the deepest emotions of the heart, and the most soaring imagery of the head, all grotesque? The chapter closes with seven pages about griffins—a disquisition on true and false griffins. Who in this wide world cares one feather about the best griffin that ever went before a tail? Faces, hands, feet, personal expression, are the most pointed illustrations of the grotesque; but Mr. Ruskin shrinks from addressing himself to these. From the chapter on "Finish" we make the following extract:—"And it will become us to consider seriously why (if, indeed, it be so) we dislike this kind of finish—dislike an accumulation of truth. For assuredly all authority is against us, and no truly great man can be named in the Arts—but it is that of *one who finished to his utmost*. [The italics are in the text.] Take Leonardo, Michael Angelo, and Raphael, for a triad to begin with. They all completed their detail with such subtlety of touch and gradation, that in a careful drawing by any of the three, you cannot see where the pencil ceased to touch the paper; the stroke of it is so tender, that when you look close to the drawing you can see nothing; you only see the effect of it a little way back! Thus tender in execution—and so complete in detail, that Leonardo must needs draw every several vein in the little *agates* and pebbles of the gravel under the feet of the 'St. Anne' in the Louvre. Take a quartette after the triad—Titian, Tintoret, Bellini, and Veronese. Examine the vine-leaves of the 'Bacchus and Ariadne' (Titian's) in the National Gallery; examine the borago blossoms, painted petal by petal, though lying loose upon the table, in Titian's 'Supper at Emmaus,' in the Louvre; or the snail shells on the ground in his 'Entombment'; examine the separately-designed patterns on every drapery of Veronese, in his 'Marriage in Cana'; go to Venice, and see how Tintoret paints the strips of black bark on the birch trunk that sustains the platform in his 'Adoration of the Magi'; how Bellini fills the rents of his ruined walls with the most exquisite clusters of the *Erba della Madonna*. You will find them all in a tale. Take a quintett after the quartett—Francis, Angelico, Durer, Hemling, Perugino—and still the witness is one, still the same striving in all to such utmost perfection as their

knowledge and hand could reach." All this is mere trifling; not one of these is more finished than it ought to be; and the finish thus extolled by this writer is nothing in comparison with the finish put into pictures in the present day. Millais professes to paint fifteen hundred grasses in an inch square. Fifteen hundred! we really know little of the varieties of these *gramina*, but we believe the microscope has revealed this number, in Millais' picture. According to our author we may even look for the lymph circulating in the ivy in Hunt's "Light of the World;" and after this is it not absurd to speak of the works of Raffaele and Leonardo. We may perhaps have examined more extensively than even Mr. Ruskin, the collection of drawings by Michael Angelo, and Raffaele, and Correggio and Leonardo, and of a long list of other celebrities—those relics which are most carefully kept in heavy chests in the little rooms near the Venetian Room in the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence. But the whole of these are only preparatory sketches—that quality which Mr. Ruskin lauds as finish is only a certain neatness in hatching a reticulated surface, but for which the whole would be ragged and broken. If no man be great who does not finish to the extent mentioned above, how can Turner be great who never finished at all, and whose execution of late years was so execrably bad—whose drawing generally was so faulty that in many cases where his figures were to be made out by the engraver, the latter was compelled to put them into form before he could send forth a plate to the world with his name to it. The "Old Téméraire" is an admirable picture, but when it was engraved the artist was obliged to correct the drawing of the towing steambot, in order that it might look like a steambot. We could quote innumerable instances of this kind, but in the face of all this Turner is quoted as an instance of high finish. The adduction of such instances as those above is most absurd, because no picture in the present day would be admitted into any exhibition without a higher qualification than that described. And this is all that is said about finish: its value, its effects in opposition to shaded broadths where it is lost, are not thought of. Mr. Ruskin says nothing about the loss sustained by this quality in connection with hardness—nor of what it gains in connection with softness. He might have quoted Reynolds here once more with advantage—Sir Joshua's opinion of the nice balance of the sharp and the lost lines in Teniers, the only painter who understood this valuable nicety. Is there no finish in the Dutch school worth notice? and is mere imitative surface the sole end and object of finish? These and many others which we could propose, are questions that our author has not considered. In the chapter "Of the Use of Pictures," Mr. Ruskin notices some observations of our own, on the impossibility of his reconciling his taste for Turner with his "Pre-Raphaelite" enthusiasm. Silent contempt of empiricism on the part of those who could really determine between "a true" and "a false griffin," he arrogates to himself as so much admiration. "*People of any sense, however, confined themselves to wonder.*" "I think it was only in the *Art-Journal* of Sept 1, 1854, that any writer had the meanness to charge me with insincerity." "The pictures of Turner and the works of the Pre-Raphaelites are the very antipodes of each other; it is, therefore, impossible, that one and the same individual can, with any *show of sincerity*. [Note, by the way, the Art-Union has no idea that *real sincerity* is a thing existent or possible at all. All that it expects or hopes of human nature is, that it should have a *show of sincerity*.] stand forth as the thick and thin [I perceive the writer intends to teach me English as well as honesty] eulogist of both. With a certain knowledge of Art, such as may be possessed by the author of 'English Painters,' [Note, further, that the eminent critic does not so much as know the title of the book he is criticising] it is not difficult to praise any bad or mediocre that may be qualified with extravagance or mysticism. This author owes the public a heavy debt of explanation, which a lifetime spent in ingenious reconciliations would not suffice to discharge. A fervent admiration of certain pictures by Turner, and at the same

time, of some of the severest productions of the Pre-Raphaelites, presents an insuperable problem to persons whose taste in Art is regulated by definite principles." We extract the foregoing passage to show the kind of defence Mr. Ruskin sets up. What we have said with respect to sincerity we still say,—the sincerity of every man who lavishes the most exaggerated expressions of admiration on two things diametrically opposite, will always be suspected. With respect to teaching Mr. Ruskin English, we should have said nothing about his eccentricities in the vulgar, had he himself not alluded to this; but since it is so we do not even decline the task, and commence by counselling him to avoid the monstrous affectation of coining useless words, when there are better at hand to express the meaning he would convey.

And with respect to the title of his work it is very likely, not having the work at hand, that we might misquote the title, but there could be no doubt about the book to which we alluded. Mr. Ruskin is equally wrong in speaking of the "Art-Union," which is not the title of this Journal ["This eminent critic does not so much as know the title of the book he is criticising,"—but these are trifles about which we should not think a second time. To the subject of "classical landscape," on which really there is nothing to be said, because there was no "classical landscape," a rather lengthy chapter is devoted, the result of which is that because Homer always associated some utilitarian view with his rural descriptions—the Greeks had no taste for the picturesque. We cannot believe that a people so deeply imbued with an admiration of nature in one form could be wanting in feeling for it in another. The friends of this writer have again and again deprecated his at all retouching the very painful subject of Turner—but he insists in this volume on saying something in justification of his having proclaimed an equal admiration of Turner and his own Pre-Raphaelite friends, on the assumption that the same principles of feeling and execution are common to both. Having taken Mr. Ruskin by the hand in the best sense of the phrase, we feel most anxious that he should set himself right with the world of Art. But to this end the beginning must be made by himself, he must commence his amendment by acknowledging himself a little wrong. Having thus far succeeded we shall not despair of inducing him to acknowledge that he has been very much wrong. But this is hopeless so long as we find him quoting from himself, underpropping his baseless fabric of bygone years. Why will he thus continue to bestow his "tediousness" on those of his patient friends and well-wishers who really are desirous of hearing, even after the eleventh hour, if he have anything reasonable to offer in self-defence. We wish he would quote somebody else whose works are read, it is irksome to be continually referred to these books to learn "what I have said" on this or that really unimportant matter. So original is this writer that nothing in the entire range of Art-literature is found in support of his own surpassing views. He quotes Reynolds to prove him wrong, and poor Fuseli disappears overwhelmed with contempt. It is quite unnecessary to say a word in defence of Reynolds, but we will say of Fuseli, notwithstanding all his pedantry and affectation, that on any page he ever wrote, we will point out truths, practical truths, which Mr. Ruskin has never been able to understand. There are few of us who turning for a little time our backs upon the future and looking down the array of years through which we may have passed, would not wish to recall something we may have said, done, or written. When Mr. Ruskin is of this way of thinking we shall slay the fatted calf—none more than ourselves would rejoice in his regeneration—we await his *veni—vidi—peccavi*. No one winces under correction more than he, but he endures the chastening with clenched teeth. He pronounces against the works of living painters in a manner the next thing to personal invective. Wherefore is he the Parish of all Art Societies? Neither he nor no one need ask this. There is scarcely a brilliant reputation of our school that he has not done his best to sully—scarcely a meritorious name whose bearer he has not wantonly

humiliated by an offensive and revolting show of patronage. We will not detail the long list of distinguished painters of whom he has degraded and scurrilously written—it would be painful to such persons to see their names brought forward in reference to this; indeed, we feel it were almost an impertinence to defend them. If he be a wanderer in the outskirts of Art-society with a mark on his forehead, it is but a hearty expression of repentance from himself that can in any wise serve him. The manner in which he essays to confirm and reconcile his views of Turner and the Pre-Raphaelites is not ingenious. His position is not so good as to be called even unsafe; we cannot even say of him that he has "not a leg to stand upon;" he is not even down, we do not find him in the condition of a man that might be picked up, but we find him falling with his pedestal, which he himself has cut from beneath him. "There are," he says, "some truths easily obtained, which give a descriptive resemblance to nature; others only to be obtained with difficulty, which give inner and deep resemblance." These two classes of truths cannot be obtained together; choice must be made between them. The bad painter gives the cheap deceptive resemblance. The good painter gives the precious non-deceptive resemblance. Constable perceives in a landscape that the grass is wet, the meadow flat, and the boughs shady; that is to say about as much as, I suppose, might in general be apprehended, between them, by an intelligent fawn and a skylark. Turner perceives at a glance the whole sum of visible truth open to human intelligence. So Berghem perceives nothing in a figure, beyond the flashes of light on the folds of its dress; but Michael Angelo perceives every flash of thought that is passing through its spirit; and Constable and Berghem may imitate windows, but Turner and Michael Angelo are nevertheless the best." Again: "Thus far, then, though the subject is one requiring somewhat lengthy explanation, it involves no real difficulty. There is not the slightest inconsistency in the mode in which throughout this work I have desired the relative merits of painters to be judged. I have always said he who is closest to nature is best. All rules are useless, all genius is useless, all labour is useless, if you do not give facts; the more facts you give the greater you are; and there is no fact so unimportant as to be prudently despised, if it be possible to represent it. Nor, but that I have long known the truth of Herbert's lines,

"some men are
Full of themselves, and answer their own notion,"

would it have been without intense surprise that I heard querulous readers asking, 'How it was possible' that I could praise Pre-Raphaelitism and Turner also? For from the beginning of this book to this page of it, I have never praised Turner highly for any other cause than that he gave facts more delicately, more Pre-Raphaelitically, than other men. Careless readers, who dashed at the descriptions and mixed the arguments, took up their own conceptions of the cause of my liking Turner, and said to themselves—'Turner cannot draw, Turner is generalising, vague, visionary; and the Pre-Raphaelites are hard and distinct. How can any one like both?' But I never said that he was vague or visionary. What I said was, that nobody had ever drawn so well; that nobody was so certain, so unvisionary; that nobody had ever given so many hard and downright facts." Now the preceding effort at justification involves the usual fallacies, absurdities, and contradictions which characterise all Mr. Ruskin's writings. We are neither at a fair nor at a horse-race, and yet this writer proposes to us a game—the name of which shall not sully our pages—wherein the only novelty in his method of play is, that he employs only two thimbles instead of three—these he calls "the cheap deceptive resemblance," and "the precious non-deceptive resemblance." But Mr. Ruskin is a novice at this game, for we very often find Turner under the wrong thimble. It will at once be understood what is meant by these terms—a picture affording "the cheap deceptive resemblance" is a passage of Art representing nature as we usually see it,—a work

proposing the "precious non-deceptive resemblance" is a picture open to any interpretation which a playful imagination may put upon it. Nothing is easier than rhapsodical criticism. Constable is bitterly ridiculed because he succeeded in representing wet grass, the meadows flat as they were, and the boughs shady. Turner is extravagantly praised for succeeding (according to Mr. Ruskin) in representing a piece of the trunk of a tree so minutely as to require a microscope to discern its elaboration—an infinitely less difficult thing to do than that in which Constable succeeded. Again and again must we ask, how any one can express a taste for work of this kind, and in the same breath praise, as meriting equal encomiums, such a work as Turner's "Napoleon!" and yet Mr. Ruskin does this. Constable painted what he saw, as also do the Pre-Raphaelites, yet Constable is coarsely censured.*

PICTURE SALES.

THE picture sales of the season commenced on the 27th of February; Messrs. Foster & Son having on that and the following day offered a portion of the collection of Mr. Birch of Birmingham to public competition; it consisted of forty-six drawings and twelve oil-paintings. Mr. Birch's pictures were well known to amateurs, and the prices they realised are not only evidence of their excellence, but show likewise that the state of the money-market as regards Art is in a healthy and flourishing condition. The dealers mustered numerous in the rooms of the auctioneers and bid so freely there was no chance of any mere amateur securing a bargain: the principal lots fell to the bidding of these gentlemen; whether they bought on their own account, or on commission for others we know not; but, any how, we have an idea that some "paid dearly for their whistles," however meritorious the works of the artists are in reality. One thing is evident from this sale; our painters need not at present begin to despond, nor fear to be driven out of the field by the progress of photography, or any other of the many *graphies* which our age has produced; the painter's star is yet in the ascendant.

The first day's sale included the drawings; of these there were thirteen little gems by our old favourite DAVID COX, most of them of his best time; they all sold well, one, 'Figures, with Cattle at a Watering-place,' from the Bernal Collection, realised 23*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; and another, 'The Hop Gatherers,' 28*l.* 7*s.*; two by S. AUSTIN, an artist who has been dead several years, and whose works we used much to admire in the gallery of the Old Water-Colour Society, sold for 9*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.*, and eight guineas respectively; 'Macbeth and the Murderers,' and another by G. CATTERMOLE, sold for 37*l.* 16*s.* and 28*l.* 7*s.* respectively; 'Venice,' by the same artist, and the 'Dance,' also by him, 50 guineas and 43 guineas; 'Ullswater,' by DEWINT, 20 guineas; 'Richmond Bridge,' DEWINT, 29 guineas; the 'Spring Garland,' WALTER GOODALL, 33 guineas; the 'Lacemaker,' by the same, 17 guineas. The drawings of W. HUNT sustained the popularity of this inimitable artist, as the following prices indicate, 'Plums,' 24 guineas; 'Hyacinth, and other Flowers, on a bed of Moss,' 29 guineas; 'Pine-apple and Grapes,' 31 guineas; 'Grapes and a Pear,' 26*l.* 4 guineas; the 'Fortune-teller,' 53 guineas; the 'Cricketer,' from the Bernal Collection, 81 guineas; the 'Cold Morning,' also from the Bernal Collection, 49 guineas. 'French Peasants,' a small drawing by J. J. JENKINS, was knocked down for 10*l.* 10 guineas; and a larger, and very charming work by the same artist, 'Scene on the Danube,' 48 guineas; 'Cow and Sheep,' a very small work, by T. S. COOPER, A.R.A., 18*l.* 10 guineas; 'A Spanish Lady,' J. LEWIS, 12*l.* 10 guineas; 'Pandy,' by the late W. MULLER, 11 guineas; 'La Fille mal gardée,' a small highly-finished drawing, by MACLISE, dated 1853, sold for 41 guineas; a beautiful specimen of the

water-colour painting of F. P. POOLE, A.R.A., 'Village-Girls and Child at a Spring,' was purchased by Mr. Wallis for 60 guineas; 'A Naval Engagement,' by C. STANFIELD, R.A., 9 in. by 6 in., 21 guineas; 'Highland Drovers ascending the Mountain,' by F. TAYLER and BARRETT, 27*l.* 4 guineas; 'On the Nile,' by J. M. W. TURNER, 11 in. by 9 in., 60 guineas, bought by Mr. Holmes; and 'Calais Lighthouse,' also by TURNER, and of the same size as the other, was bought by Lord St. Leonards for 55 guineas. The twelve oil-paintings from Mr. Birch's collection reached the following prices—'River Scene,' BOXINGTON, 40 guineas; 'Whitchurch, Haymaking,' W. MULLER, 140 guineas, bought by Mr. Holmes; 'Welch Mountain Road,' J. LINNELL, 24*l.* 10*s.*, knocked down to Mr. Wallis; 'A Nursery Scene,' by PLAMAX, a modern French painter, 88*l.* 4*s.*; 'The Advent of Spring,' F. DANDY, A.R.A., bought by Mr. Holmes for 273*l.*; 'Gillingham, Kent,' by LINNELL, by Messrs. Colnaghi, for 546*l.*; 'Canterbury on the Stour,' T. S. COOPER, A.R.A., by Messrs. Graves, for 194*l.* 5*s.*; the 'Golden Age,' ETTY, bought in at 850*l.* 10*s.*; 'Sir Thomas More and his Daughter,' J. H. HERBERT, R.A., a repetition of the same subject in the Vernon Gallery, and engraved in the *Art-Journal*, bought by Messrs. Lloyd, Brothers, for 160 guineas; 'the Windmill,' J. LINNELL, by Mr. Wallis for 546*l.*; 'The Approach to Venice,' TURNER, by Mr. Wallis for 882*l.*; 'The Baron's Hall,' by MACLISE, bought in at 1050*l.*

Immediately after the conclusion of the sale of Mr. Birch's pictures, Messrs. Foster proceeded to dispose of about thirty-three paintings, the owner of which was not announced. The principal among them were 'The Smuggler's Cottage,' T. WEBSTER, R.A., 210*l.*; 'The Entrance to the Zuyder Zee,' C. STANFIELD, R.A., bought by Mr. Agnew for 498*l.* 15*s.*; 'The Barge,' J. CONSTABLE, by Mr. Holmes for 367*l.* 10*s.*; 'The Contest for the Golden Girl of Florimel,' F. R. PICKERSGILL, A.R.A., 100 guineas; 'Furs and Furze,' J. T. LINNELL, 110 guineas; 'Scene from the Bourgeois Gentilhomme,' W. P. FITCH, R.A., 493*l.* 10*s.*, knocked down to Mr. Agnew; 'The Bashful Lover and Maiden Coy,' F. STONE, A.R.A., 131*l.* 5*s.*; 'The Homestead,' the engraved picture, J. F. HERRING, 231*l.*; 'Scene in Wales,' J. B. PYNE, 70 guineas; 'Lake Como,' C. STANFIELD, R.A., bought by Mr. Pemberton Leigh for 252*l.*; 'Timber in a Landscape,' F. R. LEE, R.A., 70 guineas; 'Venus and Cupid,' 8 in. by 6 in. only, W. E. FROST, A.R.A., 42 guineas; 'Cow and Sheep,' T. S. COOPER, A.R.A., 100 guineas; 'Ruins near Athens,' 20 in. by 16 in., D. ROBERTS, R.A., 64 guineas; 'A Gipsy,' 17 in. by 14 in., J. PHILLIPS, 75 guineas; 'The East,' F. STONE, A.R.A., 32 guineas; 'Scene in Sherwood Forest,' T. CRESWICK, R.A., and R. ASSDELL, 123*l.* 18*s.*; 'Master Heriot and Margaret Ramsay,' 16 in. by 12 in., A. L. EGG, 62 guineas; 'The Smithy,' 14 in. by 12 in., F. GOODALL, A.R.A., 45 guineas; 'The Rose of Seville,' C. BAXTER, 130 guineas, bought by Mr. Rought; 'Dark Eyes,' J. SANT, 102 guineas, bought by Mr. Wheen; 'The Rival's Marriage,' W. ANTHONY, 100 guineas; 'Robinson Crusoe reading his Bible,' 19 in. by 15 in., C. R. LESLIE, R.A., 126 guineas; 'Arming the Knight,' J. CATTERMOLE, 27 guineas; 'Andromeda,' 20 in. by 13 in., W. E. FROST, A.R.A., 98 guineas; 'Christ Walking on the Water,' R. S. LAUDER, R.S.A., 50 guineas; 'On the Scheldt,' E. W. COOKE, A.R.A., 125 guineas; 'Cologne,' C. STANFIELD, 420*l.*, bought by Messrs. Graves; 'The Flight into Egypt,' attributed to J. DANBY, A.R.A., 40 guineas; 'View near Sydenham,' P. NASHMYTH, 155 guineas, bought by Mr. Ravenshill; 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' 162*l.* 15*s.*, bought by Mr. Agnew; 'Cordova,' E. A. GOODALL, 29 guineas.

On the 7th of March, Messrs. Christie & Manson offered for sale a portion of the pictures and articles of *virtu* collected by Mr. W. Wethered, of Regent's Park. Of the paintings, this collection was richest in the works of ETTY, but if our recollection serves us aright, several of the best examples of this master were not included in the sale, and of those which were disposed of, many were only studies and sketches. We subjoin a list of those which realised the highest prices:—'Eurydice,' 64*l.* 1*s.*; 'Three

* To be continued.

Nymphs in a Landscape, a fine specimen of the painter, 169*l.* 1*s.*; 'A Peasant and a Group of Fruit and Flowers,' small and very rich in colour, 78*l.* 15*s.*; 'An Israelite indeed,' 57*l.* 15*s.*; 'The Forest Family,' 201*l.* 12*s.*; 'Norman Peasants at a Fountain,' 96*l.* 12*s.*; 'The Three Sisters,' 63*l.*; 'A Bacchante lying on a Panther's Skin,' 109*l.* 4*s.*; 'The Syrens,' from 'Comus,' with Cupids in the lunettes, a fresco, 117*l.* 12*s.*; 'The Young Scribe,' 136*l.* 10*s.*; 'A Nymph reclining,' 154*l.* 7*s.*; 'The Green Wood Shade,' painted expressly for Mr. Wethered, a work of the highest quality as an example of Etty, 201*l.* 12*s.*; 'The Daughters of Hesperus dancing round the Golden Tree,' from 'Comus,' a fresco designed for Buckingham Palace, the merits of which we certainly failed to discover, 105*l.*; another fresco of the same subject, 94*l.* 10*s.*; 'Zephyr and Aurora,' truly designated in the catalogue as "one of the artist's most beautiful poetical compositions," 745*l.* 10*s.* The large picture of 'Joan of Arc finding the Sword' was bought in.

The other pictures belonging to Mr. Wethered sold at the same time were, generally, small in dimensions, but they sold well:—'Three Cows in a Landscape,' T. S. COOPER, A.R.A., 89*l.* 5*s.*; 'An Italian Coast Scene,' C. STANFIELD, R.A., 136*l.* 10*s.*; 'Interior, with Cattle,' T. S. COOPER, A.R.A., 126*l.*; 'Leith Hill, Surrey,' very small, J. LINNELL, 127*l.* 1*s.*; 'A Roman Mother and Child,' C. R. LESLIE, R.A., 68*l.* 5*s.*; 'A Fresh Breeze,' C. R. STANFIELD, R.A., 143*l.* 17*s.*; 'A Boar Hunt,' J. LINNELL, 91*l.* 7*s.*; 'Brigands in the Apennines,' C. STANFIELD, R.A., 68*l.* 5*s.*; 'Turkish Merchants fording the River Mangerchii, in Asia Minor, by Torchlight,' W. MULLER, 99*l.* 15*s.*; a pair of small landscapes, by F. R. LEE, R.A., with cattle by T. S. COOPER, A.R.A., 105*l.*; 'The Siege of San Sebastian,' C. STANFIELD, R.A., the sketch for the larger picture, we think, 106*l.*; 'Interior of St. Stephen's, Vienna,' a small duplicate of the large painting exhibited two or three years since, 281*l.* 11*s.*

The priced catalogues of two sales of pictures that have recently taken place in Edinburgh have been forwarded to us by a correspondent there. The one purports to be that of "the cabinets of the late Earl of Caithness, and of a gentleman of taste, recently deceased, together with the select collection of a gentleman removed in the country." The other collection was announced as "the property of Signor Galli, who, in consequence of declining health, has resolved upon retiring from business, comprising choice examples selected from Continental and British galleries during a period of forty years." We annex the prices which a few of the pictures of Signor Galli realised, as examples of the two collections:—'The Death of Lucretia,' GUIDO, 11 guineas; 'Christ carrying the Cross,' OLD FRANKS, 10*s.*; 'A powerfully painted Head,' CORREGGIO, 14*s.*; 'Head of a Saint,' SEBASTIAN DEL PIONBO, 10*s.*; 'View in Venice, with Gondolas and Figures,' J. M. W. TURNER, one of the best finished pictures of this great landscape painter, 4*l.* 10*s.*; 'A Music Party of Six Cavaliers and Ladies, under the porch of a palace in Italy,' a gallery picture of great importance, by PAUL VERONESE, 6*l.* guineas; 'A Grand Gallery Picture, representing Diana and her Nymphs Bathing,' splendid in colour, and in the finest state of preservation, from the collection of Lord de Tabley, by PAUL BRILL and A. CARRACCI, 14 guineas; 'The Magdalen,' GUIDO, 3*l.* 5*s.*; 'The Angel appearing to Mary,' GIULIO ROMANO, a fine cabinet example of this master, 4*l.* 15*s.*; 'Christ bearing the Cross,' MURILLO, 2*l.* 2*s.*; 'Christ brought before Pilate,' RUBENS, 2*l.* 7*s.*; 'Italian Landscape, with Figures,' POUSSIN, 4 guineas; 'Portrait of Albert Cuypp,' REMBRANDT, 45 guineas. We have no doubt the purchasers of the whole of the pictures are satisfied with their bargains, and as little that they have ample reason for being so: the paintings seem to have realised their full value, including the frames, and nothing more, and we dare say will make very good "furniture pictures." This is as it should be, and we have no further comment to make on the sales. But would such results have happened ten years ago, before the *Art Journal* had taken these matters under its notice? We guess not.

HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.

ENGRAVED BY J. H. BAKER, FROM THE BAS-RELIEF BY E. S. BARTHOLOMEW.

IN a very recent number of the *Art Journal* we remarked, as, indeed, we have done on several previous occasions when writing of Sculpture, how wide a field lies open in the pages of Scripture for the operation of the sculptor's art, and how little absolute necessity there is for an everlasting occurrence to heathen fable or heathen history for subjects. Nay, we will venture to hazard an opinion, that were the works of the sculptor more in accordance with the tastes and habits of the age—prejudices, some would, perhaps, call them, whether rightly or wrongly we do not now care to enquire—he would have less occasion to complain of want of patronage than he has good reason for doing. People will not purchase what is repugnant to their feelings, or opposed to their tastes, however excellent it may be as a work of Art.

The Bible absolutely teems with passages—we could point out a hundred—eminently suggestive of subjects for sculpture: many have already been adopted, others are waiting the selection of the artist, and he will not, we are sure, search long without finding what he wants, whether it be of the poetical, the dramatic, the heroic, or of any other kind. We have no recollection of seeing any previous representation in sculpture of the subject of which Mr. Bartholomew has made so very pleasing a group. Mr. Bartholomew is an American, a native of Colchester, in the state of Connecticut, and although in that comparative remote locality he was far removed from everything pertaining to the fine arts, he very early exhibited a decided taste for sculpture. His parents removed to Hartford, the capital of Connecticut, when he was fifteen years of age, when he at once commenced the study of the art, in the face of the many difficulties existing in a new country where but little art exists, and amid the opposition of his parents and the discouragement of friends. He persevered, nevertheless, till he had reached his twenty-eighth year, when he determined to realise his long bright dream of Italy, and, accordingly set sail for that country, and arrived in Rome in January 1851. After passing a year there, studying the antique, and especially bas-relief sculpture, he undertook a trip to Athens, for the express purpose of seeing the friezes of the Parthenon, returning, after an absence of four months, with many proofs of his knowledge and appreciation of the beauties of the Greek sculptures.

In one of the papers entitled "A Walk through the Studios of Rome," published in the *Art Journal* last year, reference was made to a statue by this sculptor, who still resides in Rome; the subject is "Eve repentant," the figure is considered by competent judges, we are given to understand, as the best female statue ever executed by an American, it has only just now been finished in marble. A correspondent writing to us from Rome, speaks thus of Mr. Bartholomew. "I know of no one who has encountered so many discouragements, or overcome more obstacles. His only care and desire seem to be to arrive at great excellence in his profession."

The two figures in this bas-relief are not circumstanced according to the description recorded by Moses, but the treatment of the narrative is sufficiently expressed. Hagar is "lifting up her voice" for her child, whom famine and thirst threaten to destroy in the wilderness of Beer sheba. The attitude of the mother is one of earnest supplication, that of Ishmael one of helpless dependence; the heads of both are remarkably expressive, and the figures group well in the composition, all the lines seeming to flow naturally yet picturesquely; we should, however, have preferred to see greater breadth given to the drapery below the loins on the right, by less redundancy of folds. The bas-relief is three feet eight inches in height, by two feet two inches in width: it still remains unsold in the atelier of the sculptor, though many of his inferior works have found purchasers.

CREATION OF A MUSEUM OF MANUFACTURED STUFFS AT LYONS.

THOSE of our readers, who feel an interest in that most important subject, the development and practical success of our Industrial Schools of Design, will, we doubt it not, be struck with the following communication, which we find contributed to the *Revue des Beaux Arts* by a member of the French Legislative Assembly.

"In this fair land of France, where artistic aspirations are all-pervading—where, as it was emphatically affirmed, a few years since, *they love Art for Art's sake*—every one has a theory respecting painting, drawing, sculpture, &c., while but few carry those theories into practical application. Many seem to fancy that artistic composition has no other aim or object than to represent eyes, noses, ears, and historic incidents. That is surely an obvious error. Design is, and ever should be, intimately connected with works of industry. It is indispensable in furniture, in drapery, in the whole range of upholstery.

"Nevertheless, let us now ask, where amongst us are the schools of Industrial Art? What is their number? Is the necessity for their existence truly appreciated?

"England, that *Alma Patens* of modern industry, has learned to feel, since the occurrence of her Great Universal Exhibition, the error which, in this regard, she, like us, had committed, and she has hastened to repair it, in organising three hundred schools of design—a great number of connected museums, three hundred professorships, and an inspector for each of her counties. The very detailed Report recently prepared by her official department of the Fine Arts, as to the result of this operation, has returned 55,000 as the number of young students, who, in the year 1853, availed themselves of the new schools. We know further, that this number has in 1854 been advanced to 62,000, and to 70,000 in 1855.* The movement so begun cannot but be accelerated. Where will it stop?

"The erection of these schools, and the foundation of those museums in England should awaken the attention of our industrial classes, and of our Government. The enlightened efforts of our rivals—the sacrifices to which they subject themselves, in order to perfect the tastes of their workmen and industrial artists are, we may feel assured, but the prelude to persevering efforts, which British pertinacity will carry out to its extreme conclusion, to diminish gradually our superiority, and bring the productions of the United Kingdom to a level with the excellence of those of France.

"Hence it is that, with all our heart, we applaud the good and great project, which has, for so long a period, been entertained by Monsieur the Senator Vaisse, the administrator of the Department of the Rhone, and which he has succeeded in realising through the vote of the Chamber of Commerce of Lyons, to create in this city a Museum for Woven Fabrics, where the students in Industrial Design may, by studied comparison of texture and pattern, recognise the beauties and the errors by which they may be illustrated or injured.

"At present how happens it with the young man who, leaving the school of St. Pierre at Lyons, or even the Industrial School directed by M. Chantre, enters into a great establishment or manufactory of stuff? The designs which he produces and offers may be linearly irreproachable as representing either foliage or vegetable form; but he knows not what result may be arrived at when his work has been subjected to the operation of the loom. He hesitates, he proceeds with uncertainty, and he fails.

"If, on the contrary, he has previously studied the various structure of woven fabrics, and can clearly account, in his own mind, for the effects of harmonic contrasts which they exhibit, he then not only produces a good design, but one which the weaving operations will easily realise, and which will redound to his honour.

* The writer, it will be observed, has greatly exaggerated.



HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.

ENGRAVED BY J.H. BAKER. FROM THE BAS-RELIEF BY E.S. BARTHOLOMEW.

LONDON, PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS



"Here in Lyons he will now find those means of practical investigation of which he has hitherto felt the want. The Museum of Woven Fabrics will not only furnish him with examples of effects for his compositions, but will present him with a history of his Art. The great houses of Meynier, Mathevon, Bouvard, Yemeniz, Cinier, Soidelquerck and Lemire, those leading agents of the industry of Lyons, will hasten to open, for the use of the new museum, their archives of manufacture with examples carried back even to the sixteenth century. The amateurs of antiquities will present to it ecclesiastical stuff, old as the middle ages—as the ninth century—some covers of immemorial manuscripts will yield up needlework of the old world. In a word, in a few years from the present time Lyons will have enriched herself, and at a very little expense, with a collection of the kind in question, which we doubt not will be unequalled in the world.

"What is requisite to effect this? But a little good-will and energy on the part of a philanthropic administrator.

"The question is now before the Municipal Court of Lyons, where Monsieur Vaïsse has carried a vote approving of the principle of the Museum. The Chamber of Commerce has done as much. Monsieur Rouler, the minister of public works, is its warm partisan, and only waits for the practical movement to lend it all his aid. We trust that the Municipality of Lyons will thoroughly associate itself with the zeal and hopes now indulged on all sides, and that this chosen body of citizens will endow its native city with a new, and most useful element of study and progressive improvement.—ACHILLE JUBINAL, Member of the Legislative Council."

ANOTHER CONVERSAZIONE AT THE PAVILION AT BRIGHTON.

We have had another pleasant soirée at the Pavilion. The number of guests was about eleven hundred, and it is but doing justice to the honorary secretaries of the Brighton Literary and Scientific Institution to say that the arrangements for the evening's entertainment appeared to give general satisfaction.

The whole suite of state-rooms, five in number, and also the old picture gallery, were thrown open upon the occasion, and the different objects of Art and entertainment were so equally divided and arranged in the different apartments, that, with the exception of the music room, and the picture gallery, which are always crowded, no inconvenience was experienced by the pressure of the large assemblage in any of the apartments.

Commencing our examination with the Banqueting Room, we observed a beautiful and numerous collection of birds of the most brilliant plumage, and many cases of foreign butterflies and moths, among the latter of which were some of enormous size. These were exhibited by Mr. Swayland, whose skill in preserving natural history specimens is well known.

At the end of the room were several models of vessels and steamers. The railway company also contributed, among other articles, a series of models, on a small scale, of the carriages in actual use on the line. Less useful, but more curious, was a model of a locomotive engine seven inches in length, and complete in all its parts, made by Mr. D. Dixon, an engine-driver on the Brighton line, who had employed in constructing this diminutive model the leisure hours of four years and a half. It was pleasant to see the air of gratified pride which beamed on the countenance of the happy and skilful mechanic as he listened to the expressions of admiration elicited from the spectators while examining the diminutive object which had occupied his thoughts and his hands for so long a period. He seemed to look upon his engine with the same affection that a sailor entertains for his ship.

Turning from the machinists, the next object

which claimed our attention was a new invention of Mr. Wildman Whitehouse, the same gentleman to whom the sum of 5000*l.* was recently awarded for improvements in the electric telegraph. The new invention is an instrument called the Electric Harmoniograph. It is designed to afford facilities for composition to those who possess a musical ear and taste, but who, not having made music their profession, have neither the time, nor probably the aptitude required, for attempting written composition. It will also be found useful to professors for recording their fugitive thoughts for future reference. A galvanic battery is connected by wires with the keys of the instrument upon which the performer is playing; and, as each note is struck, the electric apparatus records it with proper emphasis on lines produced by the same agency, upon a strip of calico prepared to receive the impression. The notes are indicated by dark-blue lines instead of dots—the length of the lines marking the relative value of the notes. The naturals record themselves on the lines and in the centre of the spaces; the semi-tones occupy a position midway between them—the sharp above, the flat below its corresponding natural. The division into bars can be effected at the time, if necessary, by the mere bent of the foot; it is, however, thought better to calculate the bars afterwards by reference to the notes in accordance with their known value. An improvement is, we are told, contemplated, by which the division into bars will be produced by the same action as the notes. The system may be termed a stenographic or short-hand system of musical notation, the correctness of which, when fully understood, is unavoidable, and a copyist would be able to transcribe any composition with perfect ease, after ascertaining the key and the time intended to be used. The Harmoniograph was, we are informed, exhibited to her Majesty the Queen and Prince Albert by Mr. Whitehouse, the inventor, assisted by Mr. F. Wright, on the occasion of the royal visit to the Polytechnic Institution. At the conversation Mr. F. Wright again kindly gave his assistance, and afforded explanations to the numbers who crowded round the apparatus. We had the pleasure of receiving, as a specimen of the work, the air of "God Save the Queen."

A Russian swivel gun, capable of carrying two miles, and which was taken at Balaklava, occupied the centre of the room, and was an object of interest to many persons; while some of the younger guests found amusement in watching the activity of the shrimps, as they darted rapidly through the water and among the seaweeds of the aquarium, or the awkward movements of the hermit crab which was restlessly thrusting forth its claws from its new lodging in a whelk shell.

Near the door, a collection of phrenological casts attracted some attention, and some of the guests suffered their heads to be manipulated by the gentleman who presided over this department. At a later period of the evening, Mr. Collier exhibited the electric light, which astonished by its brilliancy, while it dazzled the eye by its fitful flashes.

The yellow drawing-room was devoted to the exhibition of works of Art. A few paintings lent by different gentlemen were placed on easels around the room. Groups of French paper flowers, made by Miss Crowhurst, of East-street, and collections of shells and sea-weeds, exhibited by Mr. Pike, occupied the end of the room.

One of the most interesting tables was that at which Mr. M. Penley presided. Here we noticed a pair of Cellini cups, a pair of Savres Tazze, and several shell cups lent by Mr. Bright; a silver cup of Indian workmanship, exquisitely chased, and of elaborate and elegant pattern, especially the stem and foot, which displayed that happy adaptation of the design to the form of the object for which Indian artists are so remarkable. The effect of the design on the body of the vase, extremely graceful in itself, would have been more striking had it been less elaborate. This beautiful cup was lent for exhibition by Mrs. Graham. In a glass case near the cup were some Indian ornaments in

filigree silver, and some exquisite embroidery in gold from Benares. A case of miniature portraits of the Sikh princes by native artists, were more interesting as studies of Sikh physiognomy than as works of Art, and the beauty of Dhuleep Singh was no less conspicuous than the coarse brutality visible in the countenances of some of the other chiefs. A Sikh knife, without ornament, and of remarkably neat workmanship, lay, with its sheath, by the side of the case containing the miniatures of the Sikh princes and warriors, while an Indian shield of stout leather, ornamented with enamelled bosses, was placed on a chair near the other Indian articles.

On the same table was a book containing very interesting illuminations from a MS. missal, attributed to Albert Dürer. The subjects are executed on vellum with body colours; the hair, and many other parts of the figures, are gilded. The subjects are treated with the quaint elaborateness of the period, but some of the figures, especially one of the Saviour, are full of grace and dignity. It would occupy too much space were we to mention all the objects of Art-manufacture and the curiosities which attracted our attention. We noticed a small equestrian statuette of Napoleon in silver, from the Great Exhibition; and in a glass case near it, an "assignat" of the French republic.

We must not omit to notice an ingenious model belonging to Mr. Penley, of Carisbrook Castle, or the smallest lever watch in the world, made by Mr. G. Funnell of this town.

The photographs were good, but not numerous; some views of Hampstead Heath, and trees under their wintry aspect, pleased us exceedingly. Two views of the sea from the shore would have been admirable studies of the waves, had not the motion of the water rendered them slightly indistinct.

One of the tables was occupied by botanical specimens; among these we remarked an interesting collection of flowering plants from the stoves of the Rev. Mr. Roper, and many varieties of graceful ferns, as well plants as fronds.

In the centre drawing-room, stereoscopes and microscopes divided the attention of the visitor, while, in the further drawing-room, were displayed the collection of minerals belonging to Mr. Turrell, and the fine and valuable fossils of the chalk, lent by Mr. Henry Catt. The collection of sponges was particularly interesting, and many of them very beautiful. Some vertebrae of a whale, and the molar teeth of a fossil elephant, both found in the neighbourhood of Brighton, excited astonishment from their enormous bulk.

During the evening, the company were entertained with music. A concert, in two parts, with an interval of an hour and a half between them, took place in the music room. Herr Kuhe played two solos, while between the parts Mr. Thomas Wright played a grand fantasia on the harp in the banquetting room, and Mr. Sleight afterwards explained and illustrated his mode of educating the deaf and dumb.

A great addition to the pleasures of the evening was the view of the beautiful water-colour drawings from pictures in the private galleries of her Majesty the Queen and Prince Albert. These were the copies made for the purpose of being engraved in the Royal Gallery of Art, and *Art-Journal*; many of the subjects are, therefore, familiar to the readers of this Journal. By the kindness of Mr. S. C. Hall, these pictures were lent for exhibition to the Brighton Society of Arts, and this society liberally threw open the exhibition to the guests assembled on this occasion at the Pavilion. We regret, however, to remark, that while musical talent commands almost any price in Brighton, the number of those who will pay a shilling for the pleasure of seeing pictures is extremely limited. It is saying but little for the taste of a wealthy town, containing nearly 70,000 inhabitants, to express a doubt as to the success of an annual exhibition of paintings; we will therefore hope that our fears are without foundation, and that one of the most luxurious towns of the empire will show at least as much encouragement to the imitative arts as the commercial towns of equal size and equal wealth.

M. M.

THE STEREOSCOPE.

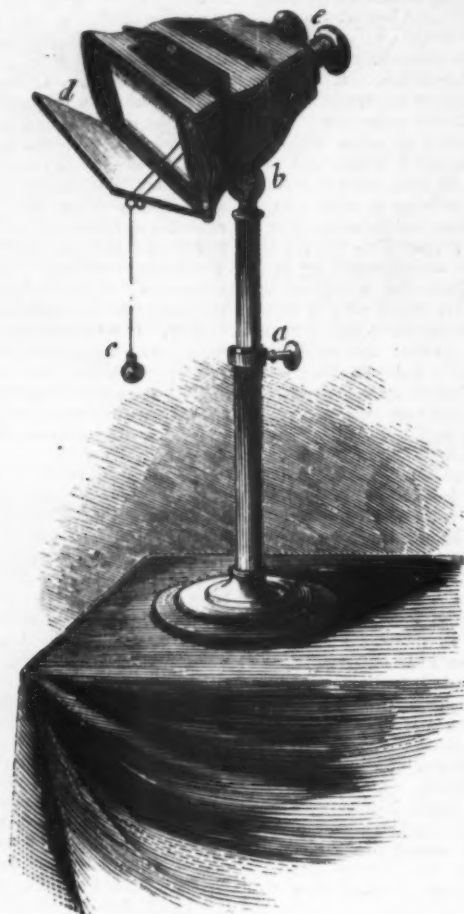
THE Stereoscope is now seen in every street, it is found in almost every drawing-room;

philosophers talk learnedly upon it, ladies are delighted with its magic representations, and children play with it. Notwithstanding this, we find a very general ignorance prevailing of the principles upon

there are not many men or women who have paused a moment to consider—Why, having two eyes, they do not always see all things double? The stereoscope, to a certain extent, answers the question; it is, therefore, important—and it cannot be without interest—that we should endeavour to explain, as popularly as possible, this instrument, which enables us to see things as they are in nature.

We derive the term stereoscope from two Greek words—*stereos*, solid, which we commonly employ in *stereotype*, signifying solid type; and *skopeo*, to see, used also in *telescope* and *microscope*. The word therefore means, solid to see, the instrument converting images drawn upon a plane surface into apparent solids, or images possessing three dimensions—length, breadth, and thickness. If we first describe the construction of the stereoscope, the subsequent explanation of its principles and its phenomena will be rendered more intelligible. The accompanying figure represents one of these instruments, mounted in the manner now adopted by the London Stereoscopic Company.

The refracting or lenticular stereoscope—as this form of the instrument is called, to distinguish it from the reflecting stereoscope, which we have already described (*Art-Journal*, 1852)—consists of two eye-pieces at *e*, adjusted as in an opera-glass; an oblong box, with a door on one side, to allow the light to fall in upon pictures on opaque tablets; and a flap, *d*, which can be adjusted at any angle by the adjusting pulley, *c*, the object of this opening being to render visible pictures upon transparent surfaces. This stereoscope is mounted upon brass pillars, which can be fixed to any height convenient to the observer by the screw, *a*, while the instrument can be placed at any angle by means of the joint at *b*. By these simple methods the stereoscope is rendered perfectly convenient for all kinds of pictures, and under all circumstances for observation. The brass eye-pieces, *e*, in which the optical arrangements are placed, are capable of adjustment to meet the differences in the width between the two eyes which are found occasionally, and the varia-



which this instrument is constructed, and still greater want of knowledge of the philosophy which it involves.

We are so little in the habit of asking ourselves questions about common things—to employ a very hacknied phrase—that



THE GLEN OF MEIBINGEN, SWITZERLAND.

tions in focal distance to meet the conditions of sight.

Such is the external structure of the instrument. The pictures which we place in

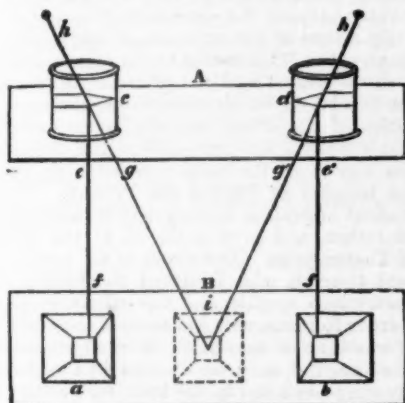
it for observation may be geometric drawings made according to a fixed rule, photo-

graphic pictures upon daguerreotype plates, or positive copies on paper or glass from collodion negatives or collodion positives. Two pictures of the same object, or set of objects, are mounted side by side on the slide, as in the accompanying landscape, "The Glen of Meiringen, Switzerland," and this being placed at the base of the



stereoscope, and looked at through the eye-pieces, resolves itself into one image of perfect solidity—a miniature realisation of the picturesque scene itself.

The lenses of this instrument are but parts of lenses; this we must explain. The above figure, *a*, is a section of a double



convex lens, the inner lines being intended to indicate the fact that such a lens is virtually two prisms placed together at their bases. Such a lens is cut into halves or quarters, and these are placed in the instrument with their edges opposite each other, as *b b*.

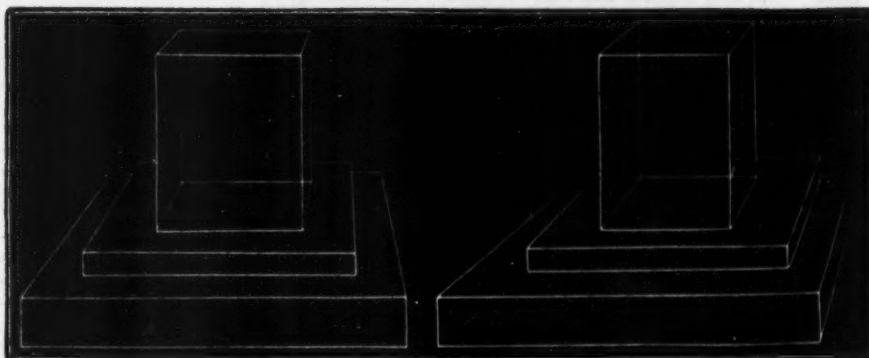
The rays of light passing through the air

and then traversing a denser medium are bent from their straight path, or refracted, and the degree of refraction depends upon the density and thickness of the medium



the edges of two prisms, we observe two images, properly constructed, and continue onward the lines of sight, we shall find the two pictures will resolve themselves into one image.

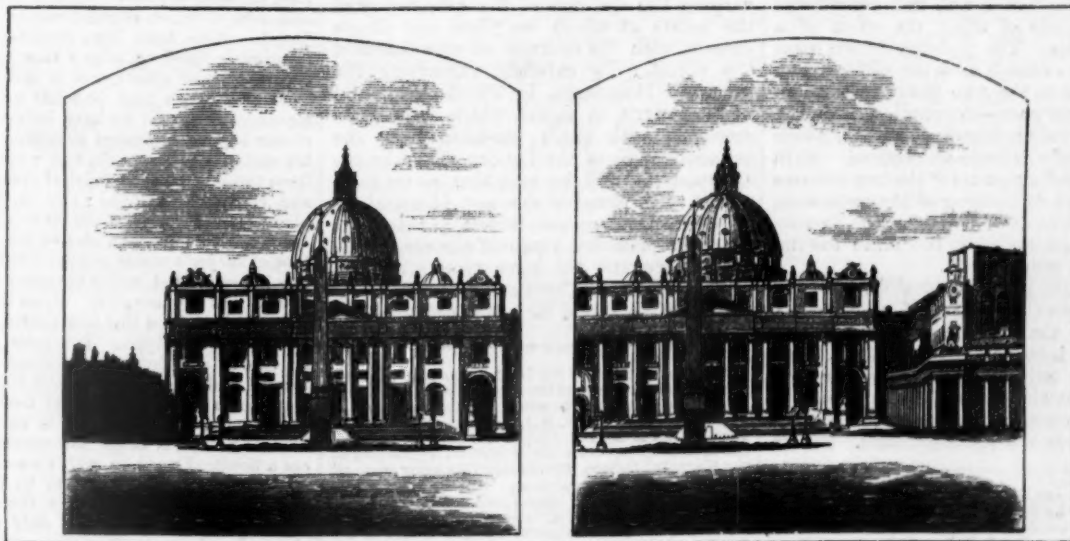
To explain this, let us suppose a skeleton stereoscope—engraved on the former column. Two geometrical figures, *a, b*, the lines forming a square pyramid, are on the tablet, and these are viewed through the prismatic



lenses, *c, d*, the rays proceed from the objects along the straight lines *e f* and *e' f'*, but those rays entering the lenses are bent, and enter the eye along the lines *g h* and *g' h'*. Now, if those lines are continued to *i*, it will be seen that the two images will be superposed, and form one; so that, under those circumstances, one image only

would be visible, namely, the image at *i*, and by throwing the pictures in the stereoscope slightly out of adjustment, this may be rendered very evident by the appearance in the instrument of parts of three pictures.

The reader will necessarily now inquire how it is that a solid image, a figure having three dimensions, results from combining



ST. PETER'S, ROME.

two dissimilar pictures. We must endeavour to explain this.

Draw a circle upon paper, and a line as its diameter; place a thin straight object

upright exactly in the centre, and so that the line and the rod are both in a vertical plane passing between the two eyes. Bring the eyes near this arrangement, close the

right eye; you will see the line to the left hand of the upright; open the right and close the left eye, the line will now appear on the right hand of the rod. The image seen by

each eye is proceeding in an opposite direction, as the arrow in the woodcut on the preceding page. With a very little practice these two images may be *squinted* into one. The result will then be the same as that produced in the stereoscope, a solid arrow proceeding directly towards the eye.

Again, place a cube upon some books arranged as a flight of steps. Place the hand as a screen a short distance in front of the nose, and, shutting first one and then the other eye, make a drawing of the arrangement under each condition. The result will be what we have represented, but these will resolve themselves into a system of solids when observed in the stereoscope.

Stereoscopic pictures are, indeed, the pictures of objects as viewed with the right and the left eye respectively. We are not—until reminded of the fact—aware that we must (seeing that the pupils of our eyes are about three inches apart) view every object under a slightly different angle. Without going into the question of vision, or examining with minute accuracy the structure of the eye, it will be sufficient for our present purpose to mention the main facts.* We see, because the rays of light which fall upon any body are radiated from the surface of that body with differing degrees of intensity, these varying with the colour, condition, and contour of the surface. These surface radiations passing through the pupil of the eye, suffer refraction by the crystalline lens, and a picture is formed on the retina of each eye. By taking the eye of a recently killed animal, and cutting an opening in the upper part, through which we may look in upon the reticulated membrane, we can see the picture as in a camera-obscura. The retina is an extension of the optic nerve, consisting of an infinite number of the most delicate fibres, piercing through a peculiar dark-coloured pigment at the bottom of the eye. The arm and its great nerves, divide in the hand into the fingers and smaller and more delicate nerves, and with these we feel objects. Now the optic nerve, when it reaches the eye, is divided into a thousand optical fingers, which feel the slightest variation in the quantities or the intensities of the light-rays falling upon their extremities, and the sensation felt by the delicate members of the eye is communicated to the brain, and this constitutes vision, the sense of sight, the effect of a luminous cause. The pictures drawn upon the eye vary as much as is the difference of the angle due to the two passages through which the rays pass—the pupil of each eye—to the optical arrangement within, which is so exquisitely delicate and refined. Each two corresponding points of the two pictures are seen at the converging of the optic axes, the eyes uniting each pair of points in succession, and conveying to the mind the impression of a solid.

It is difficult, if not impossible, with the knowledge which we have of solid bodies, to ascertain the effect upon a single eye, without the interference of the mind. We immediately adjust according to our preconceived knowledge; and hence, even with one eye, men see, under nearly all circumstances, objects of three dimensions. Yet we

may prove some of the advantages of two eyes, in giving us a correct notion of solidity.

My moderator lamp is burning on the table before me. I rest my head on my right hand, and closing my right eye, mark carefully how much of the circular form I can make out, and the arrangement of light and shadow on its ornaments; without moving my head, I open the right eye and close the left. When the left eye is open I see further round on the left hand of the lamp than when it is closed; and so of the right hand side when the right eye is opened. Now, if I open both eyes, I see round on either side better than I did with one eye; I have a more distinct perception that the cistern of the lamp is round.

Now, the stereoscopic pictures are the pictures of the same building, statue, landscape, or of any group of objects, as seen respectively with the right and the left eye. We have these pictures on a plane surface—mere lines and light and shadow, as we see in the woodcut, representing the Church of St. Peter's, Rome, on the preceding page.

These pictures, as previously described, are by the prismatic lenses resolved into one. Our space forbids us from entering more into detail than we have done; we feel that our descriptions are necessarily imperfect from the conciseness to which we have been compelled; we would refer those who desire to know more of the stereoscope to the prize essay on this instrument recently published by the London Stereoscopic Company,* and we would recommend the student or the amateur to visit their establishments, and examine their collection of stereoscopic views from almost every quarter of the globe.† It would be almost impossible for the most accomplished artist to draw two such pictures with sufficient correctness to produce the solid image in the stereoscope. The photographic camera, and the sensitive photographic processes which we now employ comes to our aid. A single camera obscura may be employed to take the pictures from slightly different points of view; or two cameras with lenses of the same focal length may be adjusted at the required angle.

If the object is 100 feet from the cameras, their lenses should be placed 4 feet apart; if 150 feet distant, 6 feet apart; and so on, varying the distance of the cameras, or of the points at which we place our single camera, with the nearness or remoteness of the object. By carefully examining the views of Meiringen, in Switzerland, and of St. Peter's, at Rome, which have been engraved with much precision from the immense stock of the London Stereoscopic Company, it will be seen that, as we have stated, the pictures are not identical in either case. They are, in fact, in this, as in all other examples, a pair of pictures of the same scene, and the same temple, as seen with either eye. There are various modifications of Sir David Brewster's instrument,

one of which, that by Mr. Knight, we desire specially to notice; we shall do so probably in our next.

By the extreme sensibility of the photographic processes, we are now enabled to obtain pictures of objects in remarkably short spaces of time. The moving clouds and the restless sea can equally be fixed upon our sensitive tablets, and these, viewed in the stereoscope, become so real as to cheat the senses. Under every aspect of light and shadow we can copy nature in her wildest as in tranquillest moods. The humid valley, with the sinuous river, reflecting back the sun's rays more lovely than he sent them; the forest with its mazy windings, and the fitful straggling of light to pierce its leafy recesses, are brought out in the stereoscope with a magical reality. The gigantic vegetation of tropical climes, the stunted growth of arctic regions, are realised here in a way which defies the most skilful painter, and thus the stereoscope may be made the medium of conveying the best possible lessons in natural history, and by calling into play the powers of observation, greatly advance the education of the people.

By means of the stereoscope and photography, the Bible student may examine the rocks of Ararat and the plains of Mamre; the desolation which marks the submerged Cities of the Plain, and the endurance of man's work in the pyramids of the desert; the homes of the idolatrous Assyrian, and the temples of Darius the Persian. The student of profane history may wander over Marathon, and grow patriotic at the view of Thermopylae. The works of the intellectual Grecian, who breathed the breath of poetry into marble, and the efforts of the sterner Romans, who had more of the genius of war than of love in all their efforts after the beautiful, may be studied in a modern drawing-room and in the labourer's cottage.

We have heard the stereoscope called a toy; to some it may appear to be so; but, even if its charming productions are viewed in sport, there must still be drawn from it an earnest philosophy, for it must teach man to love the beautiful in nature, and to appreciate the efforts of mind in the productions of Art.

ROBERT HUNT.

[The establishment to which in this article we have directed especial attention is at 54, Cheap-side, with a branch establishment at 313, Oxford Street. Both have been studiously and very judiciously fitted up, with a view to the proper appreciation of effects, and in order that selections of subjects may be made under the best circumstances. As we have intimated, the purchaser has an enormous collection from which his choice is to be made, and varying in prices from those of a highly finished order to the plain and cheap photographs; and, as we have explained, they consist of almost every conceivable variety. To convey an idea of the immense extent of subjects would require large space; but this is not needed, as the Company have printed a somewhat extensive list. Upon the enjoyment to be derived from this new source of happiness it is needless to dilate. It is pure Art teaching all classes and orders; gratifying the best informed, and delighting the least instructed. By this means nothing is learned that must afterwards be unlearned; taste is never impaired, because nature is never misrepresented; there are a hundred ways in which we can hence derive instruction, but not one by which we can sustain injury; in short, the Stereoscope is a silent Teacher, from which only good can be obtained. In a word, the loveliest scenes of nature, and the grandest monuments of human genius, are, by the magical power of this little instrument, brought in all their reality and beauty, to our own homes and firesides. Its sources of gratification are inexhaustible, and administer equally to our delight in society and solitude.—Ed. A.-J.]

* Those who are desirous of examining the best authorities on the phenomena of vision, may consult the following authors:—Young's "Lectures on the Mechanism of the Eye," *Philosophical Transactions*, vol. xci.; Brewster, *Edinburgh Philosophical Transactions*, vol. i.; Wollaston, "On the Semi-Dissection of the Optic Nerve," *Philosophical Transactions*, 1824; Wardrop, "On Blindness," *Philosophical Transactions*, 1829; Dr. George Wilson, "On the Extent to which the so-called Theory of Vision requires us to regard the retina as a Camera Obscura," *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*, vol. xxi.; Ditto, "Researches on Colour Blindness," *Guthrie and Knox, Edinburgh*, 1855.

* The prize offered by the London Stereoscopic Company for the best essay on the stereoscope was awarded, by Sir David Brewster (to whom the duty was confided by the Company), to W. O. Lonic, Esq., Professor of Mathematics at Madras College, St. Andrew's—one of the candidates for the chair of Natural Philosophy at the Marischal College, Aberdeen. This essay we shall bring under review in our next.

† These views, of all classes and orders, are many thousand in number; they comprise several hundred views of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, and of the late French Exhibition; scenery in great abundance, English and foreign; historic buildings, &c. &c.; passages of great interest taken at Herculaneum and Pompeii; and views in Africa, Portugal, France, Rome, the Rhine, Venice, Florence, Padua, Pisa, Milan, Verona, Genoa, Nice, Heidelberg, Como, &c., consisting of cathedrals, statues, monuments, &c., collected with taste and care. In these are comprised the ruins of the great buildings of Rome, its forum, temples, triumphal arches, castles, &c. &c.

THE NATIONAL INSTITUTION. EXHIBITION, 1856.

AMONG the five hundred and eighty works of Art constituting this exhibition, there is a remarkable lack of figure-subjects. What we mean by figure-subjects is, historical, poetic, didactic, or romantic narrative, carefully elaborated, but without the pedantry of Art. Who is not weary of simpering rusticity? What foreigner, on seeing our eminently rustic bias, does not at once pronounce us descended of a race purely pastoral and bucolical? Scarcely can we call rustic impersonation figure-pictures; they are brought forward without narrative past or prospective, positive or allusive. Surely the world of human incident is wide enough; it is a current that would flow on for ever with features that might be made ever new in Art. The very seductions of landscape Art lead to perfection in it; but book-lore seems repugnant to painters, hence so little advance in figure-narrative. A visitor, seeing many of the landscapes on this occasion for the first time must pronounce them of very high class; but he would hesitate to do so if he knew that the subjects and the treatment had been identical in others, which for a series of years had preceded them. They are still of high class, but the monotony is not creditable to the genius of the painters. There is in the very best of exhibitions always, necessarily, a proportion of indifferent productions, and here, of course, we find a considerable alloy. It is much to be regretted that there is so little variety with such an amount of labour; were it otherwise, this exhibition in its landscape section would be attractive beyond all the other oil-picture collections.

No. 3. 'Breton Cardplayers,' A. PROVIA. The picture presents the interior of a French cottage, which is rendered, as to detail, with a minute truthfulness fatal to good effect; that is, too much is made of passages which had been better subdued. We need not say that the work evinces power and knowledge.

No. 11. 'Caernarvon Castle, North Wales,' JAMES DANBY. This is the well-known view, presenting the magnificent ruin laterally, and occupying the right section of the composition. It is brought forward under an evening aspect, with a flood of red and amber light, such as is often repeated by this artist. The general treatment is touchingly elegiac—but the sentiment is materially injured by the introduction of an episode of every-day life.

No. 18. 'Outskirts of a Forest,' J. STARK. There is a powerfully natural charm in the manner in which this artist defines his groups of trees—the masses of foliage are palpably distinct, and this is seconded by the chiaro-scuro alternations beneath and beyond the trees. The foliage is less fresh than that of other recent pictures. Gurth, the swineherd, might still find here ample feed for his squeaking porkers.

No. 31. 'Feeding Time,' A. WIVELL. Two children feeding chickens in a cottage. The subject is of a very ordinary kind, but it evinces independence of feeling, and is treated with a Dutch earnestness as to effect and realisation.

No. 32. 'At Rotterdam,' A. MONTAGUE. Groups of venerable and decrepit houses, all that can be desired pictorially, but, save us from the experiment of living in them. The Dutch are a clean people, but the neglected exterior of these dwellings suggests a conviction which we have been compelled, how reluctantly soever, to admit, viz., that dirtiness is more picturesque than cleanliness.

No. 35. 'Night, Moonrise—Hastings,' E. C. WILLIAMS. With respect to identity of locale, this might be anywhere on the coast. It is simply an effect according to the title—early in a summer or autumn evening; the coast material, boats, sails, figures, &c., opposed to the light sky. The picture is well cared for in every part, and as to refinement and allusive narrative, it is the best work we have ever seen under this name.

No. 38. 'A Storm Gathering on Cader-Idris, North Wales,' S. R. PERCY. In this work the solemn menace of the heavens is rendered in

most impressive terms. The mountain is already mantled in the blackest draperies of the sky, the yet unveiled portion of which will soon be shrouded by the careering clouds, the movement of which is forcibly felt. Below, the landscape is sullenly awaiting the deluge and the whirlwind. The description had been entirely sublime but for the hay-cart and its accompaniments below.

No. 44. 'Sunset—Winter,' G. A. WILLIAMS. A class of subject to which this artist generally does ample justice. We feel the intense and piercing truth of this example.

No. 47. 'The Housekeeper's Daughter,' W. DUFFIELD. The scene is the larder, the figure is therefore consistently surrounded with varieties of game, fish, and vegetables—the whole brought forward in a favourite Dutch form: that is, as it were, at a window. The tapestry is a most successful study.

No. 48. 'Nut Gathering,' F. POWELL. Two little figures, backed by a hazel brake, the leafage of which has been very studiously worked out.

No. 64. 'Cimon and Iphigenia,' F. UNDERHILL. Burlesque titles are very rarely happy. The Iphigenia of this composition is a girl sleeping at a stile, overcome by the fatigue of her day's labours in the gleaming-field. The Cimon is an uncouth peasant boy, whose broad features expand into a smile. The work is firm, vigorous, and well coloured; but we submit it had been better were Cimon absent.

No. 67. * * * * C. ROSSITER. The subject is from a popular song,—Dame Margery sitting "in her own still room," ruffled like the wife of a Dutch Burgomaster of the time of "that Antonio Vandyke," so famous for ruffs and ruffles. The effect of the picture is injured by the overpowering quantity of white in it.

No. 69. 'Swaledale,' J. PEEL. There is much less of manner in this than in antecedent productions of the same artist; and it is throughout distinguished by an unflinching assertion of local colour, very skilfully modified by an almost palpable atmospheric medium. It is the best picture the artist has yet produced.

No. 73. 'Evening Thoughts,' J. A. HOUSTON. Like a miniature—if it be so, it is a fair example of miniature in oil.

No. 76. 'The Burnie Side,' BELL SMITH. A study of a girl standing by the brink of a rivulet. The figure is relieved by a wild and rocky background, with the very best results.

No. 81. 'Left in Charge,' W. HEMSLEY. Two cottage children "left in charge" of an infant sleeping in its cradle. The figures and the whole of the incidents are made out with the nicest finish.

No. 85. 'Medora,' J. G. MIDDLETON. She is presented in profile; and circumstanced as if mourning the absence of Conrad. The sentiment is appropriate, and successfully worked out.

No. 88. 'The Morning Rest, in Ploughing Time—a Scene in Sussex, near Newhaven,' H. B. WILLIS. The subject is a team of oxen brought forward in a landscape, flat and unbroken; thus giving principal importance to the animals, which are really equal to anything we have ever seen in this department of Art. It is impossible that the heads of oxen could be more faithfully drawn; and the successive tones of their coats are so skilfully managed with respect to perspective gradation, that each remoter animal clearly holds a position farther from the eye. It is a work of the highest excellence of its class.

No. 90. 'Salmon with Otter,' H. L. ROLFE. "Otter with Salmon," we think should have been the title here; inasmuch as the unfortunate fish plays only a secondary and a most reluctant part. Of the salmon we need not speak: the sinister look and the predatory character of the amphibious felon are described with much truth.

No. 92. 'A Portrait,' BELL SMITH. A well-coloured and most faithful resemblance of the painter.

No. 93. 'A Derbyshire Mill—Showery Weather,' J. WRIGHT OAKER. The sky and other parts of this work are unexceptionable; the principal components lose, perhaps, importance, by the precedence given to the near foliage.

No. 97. 'Going Out,' S. E. HODGSON. A small study of a young lady tying on her bonnet at a glass. It is very carefully painted.

No. 101. 'The Falconer,' MONS. E. WAGREZ. An example of a foreign school; showing in feeling and manner the result of the study of pictures rather than of nature.

No. 112. 'A Welsh Valley,' F. W. HULME. The haunt of the dainty kingfisher: a stream reduced to its summer limits, forcing its way over a stony bed shaded by trees; such is the nearest section of the composition; the more remote being rocky and well-wooded acclivities. The serious and earnest tone of the picture presents that simple and every-day phase of nature, which is most difficult to paint.

No. 116. 'A Bright Day on the Thames,' J. DEARLE. A section of river scenery, in which the trees and meadows are brought forward with a feeling of indisputable truth. The pale sky is reflected perhaps too vividly in the water, and there is a woolliness in the clouds which is not natural. The simplicity of the picture is its highest commendation.

No. 120. 'An English Farm-Yard,' A. F. ROLFE and J. FREDERICKS. All the material of this composition is admirably painted, especially the horses; but the manner and feeling prevalent throughout the whole are so like that of a well-known animal painter, that we had some doubt of the accuracy of the catalogue with respect to the names of the painters.

No. 124. 'Fluellen compelling Pistol to eat the Leek,' C. ROSSITER. The Pistol of this composition is similar to that of a small picture exhibited last year. Two more figures are now added. There is a difference between this work and those previously executed by this artist; it is harder, and consequently less agreeable.

No. 127. 'An Autumnal Evening, North Wales,' J. DEARLE. We feel here that the artist has painted exactly what he saw, and no more. Composition would have supplied what composition feels to be deficient. If the woolliness of the near stones be intended to reduce their importance, the artist will find such a principle of working to be erroneous.

No. 135. 'The Heavy Burden,' J. SURTEES. A girl resting with a creel full of peat: the head is a highly successful performance.

No. 141. 'Thames Tow Barge, Shiplake, Berks,' W. S. ROSE. This picture contains much that is highly creditable: but wherefore should that which is immediately under the eye be less definite than that which is remote from it? The near masses representing herbage are almost destitute of significance for want of a few sharp touches.

No. 143. 'A Tributary of the Clyde,' W. PARROTT. An extremely picturesque subject, brought forward with such confidence of manipulation as could only be acquired by very close study on the spot.

In this room there are three screens, containing numerous small works, of which the greater proportion are in water-colour. We find among those worthy of mention—'Going to Market,' A. H. TAYLOR; 'The Crypt, Wells Cathedral,' S. RAYNER; 'Scene from the Legend of Lady Griseld Baillie,' KARL HARTMANN; 'The Principal Street in Toledo,' T. R. MACQUOID; 'The Oratory,' S. RAYNER; 'Entrance to the Fore Walk, Wotton, Surrey,' G. BARNARD; 'Flowers,' Mrs. W. DUFFIELD; 'Viola,' A. H. TAYLOR; 'Group of Wild Flowers,' Mrs. WITHERS; 'Hop Pickers,' (a very graceful composition, well considered and charmingly painted), Miss S. F. HEWITT; 'Spring Shower, Vale of Arden, Warwickshire,' CHARLES MARSHALL; 'Scene in Caernarvonshire,' A. O. DEACON; 'Strong Breeze—Scene on the Scheldt,' T. S. ROBINS; 'A Peep into a Cottage Garden,' J. D. WATSON; 'Ariel, a Sketch,' F. M. MILLER; 'Lane near Weald, Essex,' J. E. MEADOWS; 'The Coming Storm,' FRED. S. BRIDELL.

MIDDLE ROOM.

No. 299. 'In the Marshes—Morning,' G. A. WILLIAMS. A broad and effective picture, showing the whole of the lower section with all its material in shaded opposition to the sky.

No. 308. 'One of the Ancient Rows still

remaining in Chester,' S. D. SWARBECK. A curious and unique subject, made out with the nicest attention to drawing and perspective.

No. 317. 'In the Highlands,' A. GILBERT. A large and broad composition, descriptive of the rising of the moon over lake and mountain. An expanse of water occupies the nearer breadths of the view, which is closed by high mountain ridges cutting the light sky. It is a production of much solemn grandeur.

No. 324. * * * * * BELL SMITH. The story is the consultation of the flower, in order to learn the state of a beloved object's affections. It is, of course, a girl who appeals to the oracle by plucking the flower to pieces leaf by leaf. It is, we think, the most graceful picture the artist has ever produced.

No. 332. 'In the New Forest,' SIDNEY R. PERCY. In this picture the painter has withstood the temptations of *ad captandum* effect. The composition consists of a small patch of herbage cleared of timber, immediately closed in by a dense screen of ancient trees, which again are supported by remoter groups. This mere simplicity of statement is, after all, the most difficult to deal with.

No. 334. 'A Portrait,' R. S. LAUDER, R.S.A. This, like the few portraits which this artist exhibits, is endowed with that kind of intelligence which should always be, but is so rarely, a qualification of portraiture.

No. 335. 'J. Watt and the Steam-Engine—the Dawn of the Nineteenth Century,' J. E. LAUDER, R.S.A. The subject is undoubtedly of much interest; the artist has felt this, and has presented Watt a life-sized figure. He is occupied with the construction of working drawings, and leans back from the table at which he sits to watch the progress of a small steam-apparatus that is in operation near him. The picture pronounces at once its own title.

No. 344. 'Approaching Storm,' ALFRED W. WILLIAMS. A highly meritorious production, so accurately balanced both in material and chiar-oscuro, that no item of the one or passage of the other could be withdrawn without the loss being felt. It is characterised by an elevated conception beyond what we have seen in this painter's series. The cows are really worthy of a professed cattle painter.

No. 347. 'Aberdour Castle,' R. S. LAUDER, R.S.A. The subject of this picture may be simply described as a portion of a rocky acclivity overhanging the stream below. It has the appearance of having been painted on the spot, and has been realised with such surprising truth that no pebble, no blade of grass, has been overlooked. The gradual retirement of the upper portions of the ascent is most successfully represented. It is sufficiently minute to have been wrought from a photograph, but there is a mellowness about the execution that indicates rather a careful transcript from the veritable.

No. 353. 'View of the Lover's Leap, Buxton, Derbyshire,' J. A. HAMMERSLEY. An attractive subject, very conscientiously elaborated.

No. 356. 'The Swale, above Richmond, Yorkshire, looking across the Vale of Mowbray,' JAMES PEEL. The expression of graduated distance here is at once felt as an impressive truth. The subject, it is true, is of the most captivating kind, and thus contemplated under a summer sky could inspire only poetic sentiment. The gradual melting of colour into air is most happily realised. The subject, we repeat, is really a fine one, and it has received ample justice at the hands of the painter.

No. 359. 'The Attendant at the Old Hall,' DANIEL PARMORE. An agreeable piece of composition, worked out with more care than we have before observed in the works exhibited under this name.

No. 360. 'The Sea Nymph's Repose,' J. G. NABH. A miniature in oil, containing three nude figures: it is charming in colour; but in composition it might have been brought better together.

No. 364. 'Summer-time, and the Last Magazine,' W. M. HAY. We discover here a young lady reclining within the shade of trees, intent upon a book. The feeling of the little picture and its amount of success had been better supported by a higher degree of finish.

No. 366. 'Psyche steering the Bark of Love,' J. G. NABH. This same barque is a shell, evidently a very bad sea-boat, in tow of the sign Pisces—two fish very like grey mullet. It is very clear that Psyche has never been accustomed to handle the tiller. It is a pleasant phantasy; but why is the tempestuous sea only indicated? "The course of true love," &c.

No. 380. 'A Breeze down the River,' E. C. WILLIAMS. There is much more dash about this work than in any other we have ever seen by the same hand. It is broad and firm: the water and the sky leave nothing to be desired.

THE THIRD ROOM.

No. 404. 'Waterfall on the Long Strath, Stonestwaite, Borodale, Cumberland.—Painted on the Spot,' HENRY MOORE. This is an example of the severest method of truth-telling. We see from time to time works executed closely from nature, with all the parts charmingly brought together, and as much as is desirable of the *suaviter in modo*. The picture is timidly painted; but study of this kind must bear fruit.

No. 408. 'Rouen,' A. MONTAGUE. We are here looking down the river, and see at some distance the two well-known towers. The picture is slight and sketchy.

No. 412. 'Castle of Lourdes, Pyrenees, France,' A. F. ROLFE. The castle is a fortress of some historical importance, having been ceded to the English as part of the ransom of the French King John. The site, surrounded as it is by lofty mountains, is one of the most picturesque imaginable: these reasons are sufficient to render the picture interesting.

No. 428. 'Hôtel de Ville and Petite Place, Arras,' L. J. WOOD. The Hôtel de Ville, which is partially in shade, is really most conscientiously detailed. The gaunt *alignement* of gables on the opposite side is described with great truth.

No. 429. 'Evening,' H. BRITTON WILLIS. We are here introduced to a *riposo*, an evening picnic of milky mothers that have settled for the night on a small peninsula of herbage, past which flows a wide and deep river. We could scarcely have believed that a small society of cows could interest us so much. It is the best cow picture we have of late seen. Many of our best friends will go to grass for many a summer before they will paint in this way.

No. 430. 'Homestead,' A. R. ROLFE and J. FREDERICK. The subject is a farm-yard and buildings, over which rises a screen of stately elms. The life of the composition is constituted of horses, fowls, and pigs, all of which are carefully drawn.

No. 432. 'Moel Siabod from near Bryntyrch, North Wales,' F. W. HULME. The whole of the near section of this composition is a water surface—a broad current flowing down to the frame. This is closed by rocks and trees, which retire in various forms, until the eye is led to the peak of the mountain, over which is passing an array of dark and yet darker clouds. So masterly is every passage of this work, that we cannot commend it too highly.

No. 444. 'On the Coast near Edinburgh,' EDWARD HARGITT. A study of a small section of sea-side scenery, very pleasing in colour, but in a desire to express breadth definition of parts has been lost sight of.

No. 446. 'Fruit,' W. DUFFIELD. A composition containing the usual varieties. The white grapes, especially, are deliciously painted.

No. 448. 'View of the Undercliff, near Bonchurch, Isle of Wight—Sandown Bay and Culver Cliffs in Distance,' painted from nature, J. E. MEADOWS. This is a faithful description of the character of the Undercliff, and a great merit of the picture is the successful expression of distance, with the maintenance of local colour.

No. 461. 'Dutch Vessels entering the Port of Lillo, on the Scheldt,' T. S. ROBINS. We are at once sensible of the breeze which here sweeps the sky and the surface of the water. It has been the desire of the painter to sustain this throughout, and the result is most successful.

No. 466. 'Place Cordelier, Dinant, Brittany,' L. J. WOOD. This artist really makes a great deal of these studies of ancient architecture.

They are admirably drawn, and although every stone is individualised, the most perfect breadth is preserved.

No. 472. 'The Angler's Haunt,' H. B. GRAY. The trees in this composition are less open to exception than the other principal parts. The bridge is unduly hard and sharp, and the water is opaque.

No. 475. 'Abbeville,' A. MONTAGUE. The cathedral of Abbeville can never be mistaken; the groups of houses want definition.

No. 478. 'An Orange Girl,' JAMES COLLINSON. This picture is marked "unfinished," but certainly it cannot be the brick wall in front of which the girl stands, for every brick has received ample justice. The figure is very earnestly painted, but it ought to have been brought out from the wall.

No. 484. 'The Beeches, Winter Morning,' H. H. H. HORLEY. Twin beeches are the principal feature of this wintry landscape, they have been worked with the most exemplary patience.

No. 490. 'The Evening Walk, Malvern,' CHARLES COUZENS. A small, full-length figure, evidently a portrait; it is severe in taste, but distinguished by much graceful simplicity.

No. 495. 'The Dell, Derbyshire,' J. A. HAMMERSLEY. A study closely imitative of nature; the weedy foreground is the most striking passage of the composition.

No. 499. 'Coming Events cast their Shadows before,' H. L. ROLFE. The coming event here is a stealthy cat, which we know to be approaching the larder, because the animal's shadow is on the wall. Grimalkin will have two courses—enough to satisfy any moderate cat. The salmon and the birds—especially the former—are painted with the truth which characterises all the artist's works.

No. 502. 'The Grave-digger's Riddle—Hamlet, act v. scene 1,' H. STACY MARKS. These two figures are extremely hard in execution—a disqualification which deprives finish of all its value. The church is rendered exactly, with all its mortar and minute flints—a passage of the picture which entirely supersedes the figures.

No. 509. 'Evangelina,' H. BARNARD. The figure is erect, in a contemplative pose; the drapery wants breadth, but there is in the work the feeling of a good picture.

No. 512. 'The Barmouth Valley, North Wales,' SIDNEY R. PERCY. A large canvas, showing a romantic section of lake and mountain scenery. The rough and broken foreground, with its rank grass, repeats a feature which in the series of this painter has always been remarkable.

No. 516. 'Interior of a Welsh Cottage,' C. OAKES. Somewhat more freely painted than others that have preceded it. The life of the composition is the cottager's wife contemplating her child on the ground as she sits at her wheel.

No. 521. 'Avenue from Nature,' EDWARD HARGITT. As to careful manipulation, the work is unobjectionable; but the hue of the foliage is too crude and metallic for the young green of trees; the masses also require separation and variety of disposition. The artist succeeds better in landscape breadths.

No. 528. 'The Terrace, Old Manor House—Warlaxton, Lincolnshire,' DANIEL PARMORE. A very pleasing composition, much in the feeling of the French school. It is what it professes to be—a representation of an ancient mansion, on the terrace and in the gardens before which, are strolling numerous groups of figures, attired in the costume of a period in which the mansion may be supposed to have been in its palmy state.

No. 541. 'Grassmere, Westmoreland,' MRS. W. OLIVER. A small round picture, gracefully composed, having a mass of near trees and underwood, which very effectively assists the distances.

No. 543. 'The Bullfinch's Throne,' BENJAMIN WILLIAMS. The bullfinch is perched on a spray of apple blossom, of which every leaf has been scrupulously studied from nature. The bird is well drawn, and the idea is pretty and original.

No. 551. 'Commoners,' W. H. HOPKINS. These are two donkeys, the property of a neighbouring

encampment of gipsies. The animals look too well-conditioned to be the property of this vagrant race.

No. 552. 'River Scene, North Wales,' P. WEST ELEN. The water-course winds downward, occupying the nearest breadth of the canvas. The work presents the distinctive character of the best passages of Welsh scenery. The view is closed by mountainous ridges, to which the eye is skilfully led by intermediate gradation.

No. 562. 'Near Goatfell, Arran,' EDWARD HARGITT. In this picture the proposed distances are painted so substantially, that they do not retire sufficiently. It is a wild and very attractive subject, rendered with appropriate feeling, and in a manner original and independent; but the distances almost vie for precedence with the foreground.

No. 563. 'Eel Bucks on the Lodder,' R. BRANDARD. This has very strongly the impress of nature—but it is rather cold in colour.

No. 567. 'Autolycus as the Pedlar,' H. STACY MARKS. It is much to be regretted that the result of a determination to finish should so frequently end in mere hardness. The whole of the picture is very minutely manipulated; but the lines are unusually severe.

No. 573. 'The Nest,' ELLIAH WATTOW. It is that of a hedge-sparrow, surrounded by flowers of white and pink May; but the flowers are too large—they rival the eggs in size, whereas they should be much smaller; but the whole is worked out with the most conscientious exactitude as to detail.

The sculptural productions are only five in number. 'Paolo e Francesca di Rimini,' a group in plaster by ALFRED MUNRO, two small figures in the act of interchanging those endearments which consigned them to that circle of the Inferno in which they were found by Virgil and Dante. 'The Spirit of Nature,' a small female figure in plaster, broad, and essentially modern in taste, also by ALFRED MUNRO. 'The Sea-Nymphs discovering the body of Lycidas,' 'The Brothers in Comus,' and 'The contest between Good and Evil,' three bas-reliefs by F. M. MILLER, characterised by infinite elegance and refined feeling.

As we have already said, the prevailing feature of this exhibition is its landscape, in which, notwithstanding the identity of which we have complained, there is a great amount of excellence: the number of exhibitors' works is increased, but the proportion of striking figure-compositions is not proportionably augmented.

THE CRIMEAN EXHIBITION.

SUCH is the name given to a collection of pictures and drawings, exhibited at 121 Pall Mall, having especial reference to the late campaign in the Crimea. The drawings by Mr. SIMPSON amount to ninety-one; affording views of every point of interest connected with the recent operations. The pictures are only three in number; a full-length portrait of the Queen, painted by Mr. CATTERSON SMITH for the Corporation of Dublin; and two large pictures, 'The Battle of Inkermann,' and 'The Battle of Balaklava,' by Mr. E. ARMITAGE. For the portrait by Mr. SMITH, the Queen condescended to give fourteen sittings. The composition is extremely simple, as the accessories are few and unobtrusive. Her Majesty is standing on a dais, with the head turned slightly to the right, and wears a dress of plain white satin. We think it one of the best portraits of the Sovereign we have yet seen. 'The Battle of Inkermann' is represented as at near the close of that dire and sanguinary conflict, the time being about ten o'clock, when the Zouaves are just coming into the action, which had been sustained already for hours by our troops. We are placed near the sand-bag battery; and the immediate ground is occupied by the Grenadier Guards, who seem to be engaged with the enemy while yet in column. If this be not the disposition, it should not seem so: we are certainly not at the

head of the column, because the columns which are before us are with the centre companies. It is true that in this, the "soldiers' victory," there was nothing of the military pedantry of a Hyde Park Review; and, in the fearful pressure of these few awful hours, it is impossible to say into what anomalies of formation a battalion may have fallen. We think the artist conveys an imperfect conception of the battle, in one of the main principles on which he has worked. It is historically true that our troops were opposed to, and beat an overwhelming force of the enemy; but the vast disproportion does not appear in the pictures. We can perfectly understand the predilection of the painter for large figures; but, perhaps, with all the facilities which he has enjoyed, it might have been better to have shown more of the field, and more of the dispositions of the enemy: this would by no means have enfeebled his description of any one of the incidents he has introduced. On the high ground, which, from this view of the field, closes the composition at a little distance from the foreground, is seen the Duke of Cambridge with Major Macdonald; and in the *mêlée* before us, is Colonel Lindsay cheering on his men; also Captain Peel of the navy, followed by a midshipman—volunteers on this occasion. A great many of the men, Russians as well as English, are portraits; and, if the representatives here be according to natural truth, which we believe must be the case, from the opportunities which the artist has had of arriving at facts—the Russians in anything like equality of force can have no chance in front of our stalwart grenadiers, or even of our line regiments, of which so many are essentially grenadiers. The morning of that memorable fifth of November was rainy and dark, the aspect of the sky is therefore clouded, and the general appearance of the field excessively dreary. The men on both sides are fighting in their great coats: the Russians wearing flat-topped cloth caps, and our own people, of course, their bearskins. Throughout the picture there is an entire suppression of colour—this, consistently with truth, could not be otherwise; but where colour might with propriety have occurred, as, for instance, in the standard, it is even then reduced, in order that there may be no relief to the impression which, it is at once felt, is intended to be conveyed. In the Cavalry charge at Balaklava, the troops immediately engaged are the Scots Greys, and the 6th Dragoons, led by General Scarlett, who is himself penetrating the enemy's lines. Major Clarke, of the Scots Greys, is also a prominent figure. The troops with whom these regiments are engaged are Russian Light Cavalry, in grey or light blue uniforms, who, neither men nor horses, can make any stand against such force of bone and muscle as our troops bring against them. As in the other picture, the figures are large, only a very small section, therefore, of the battle can be shown. The figures are many of them portraits, and the ground is most accurately painted. Mr. Simpson's sketches are very interesting; there is not a spot associated in anywise with the history of the Crimean campaign that is not commemorated. A few of the sketches describing certain of the most remarkable localities may be mentioned, as—'The Interior of the Malakoff,' 'Interior of Fort Nicholas,' 'Ditch of the Bastion du Mat,' 'The Interior of the Redan,' 'Attack on the Malakoff,' 'The Battle of the Tchernaya,' 'The Interior of the Mamelon Vert,' 'Charge of the Light Cavalry Brigade,' 'Charge of the Heavy Cavalry Brigade,' 'The Docks, &c.,' 'Entrance to Excavation, at Inkermann,' 'Admiral Lyons and Staff,' 'The Valley of the Tchernaya,' 'Camp of the Light Division,' 'The Town Batteries, or Interior fortifications of Sebastopol,' 'Funeral Cortège of Lord Raglan leaving Head Quarters,' 'Prince Woronzoff's Palace,' 'Sebastopol from the Sea,' and a large and highly-finished drawing showing the retreat of the Russians to the North-side, with Sebastopol blazing like one vast furnace in their rear. These engravings are executed on tinted paper, the lights being put in with white; they are unexceptionable in execution, and of their truthfulness there can be no question.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The splendid stained glass windows, formerly removed from the church of Notre Dame, because they obstructed the light, are to be replaced; this is a proof of good taste, as they are magnificent specimens of a former age.—The Tour St. Jacques de la Boucherie is nearly completed; stained glass windows are being placed, and the square round the tower planted with trees; the whole has a fine effect.—A splendid cradle is being constructed for the imperial infant; the body is in the form of a ship (the arms of Paris) richly ornamented with sculpture and enamel. The artists employed on this unique "domestic" object are Messrs. Baltard, Simart, Jaquemart, Gallois, Grohé, and Froment-Meurice.—An Art-exhibition is projected at Vienna; the paintings, by Winterhalter, of the Empress Eugenie, exhibited in Paris last year, are to be, by special request, forwarded to that town.—Lotteries are quite the fashion here; the various articles presented to the nation by artists and manufacturers after the close of the Grand Exhibition, will be put up as prizes in a lottery; the proceeds are for the widows and orphans of the army of the Crimea.—A shield in bronze has been presented to the Baron C. Dupin (chief commissioner at the London Exhibition, 1851); it is executed by Lienard, Froment-Meurice, and H. Plon.—M. Prévaut has just finished a statue of Le Notre for the government.—The bust of Leopold Robert has been placed in the Louvre; it is by Adam Salomon.—The "Death of Patroclus," by Gérard, has been sent to the Museum at Tarbes.—The cross taken at Sebastopol by the French, in the church of St. Vladimir, has been placed in the Musée de Cluny.—Horace Vernet is busy painting the "Battle of Alma."—The whole ornamental part of the Louvre has been reproduced in photography, by order of M. A. Fould.—It is said that the Emperor has demanded from the civic authorities of the Hotel de Ville all the ancient plans for the embellishment of Paris; if this be true, the whole of old Paris is to be pulled down, and a new city built. The works are to be undertaken by three companies, and the estimate of the cost is at least 800 millions of francs.—At a sale of pictures belonging to M. Barihuet, the opera singer at Paris, a few days ago, some Watteaus were disposed of at high prices—namely, one, representing "The Alliance of Music and Comedy," at 1600; another a portrait of "Mme. Jullien" in mythological costume, at 1580; a third, "Clytie Adoring the Sun," at 1580; and "Le Glorieux," at 360. At the same sale a "Triumph of Venus," by Boucher, fetched 1200; "The Mountebanks," by Callot, 1680; "The Silver Goblet," by Chardin, 800; a portrait of "Louis XVI.," by Greuze, 940; "The Pied de Boeuf," by Lancret, 1580; "The Unfortunate Author," by Prudhon, 1180; "A Charge of Cuirassiers," by Charlet, 380; "Maternal Care," by Frayonard, 290; and "The Caravan," by Marrithal, 550.—At another recent sale in Paris, twenty-eight small landscapes, by Breughel, were sold for 4400; "An Interior of a Church," by Peter Neuss, 180; "An Interior of a Cathedral," by the same, 190; "Politicians in the Garden of the Tuileries," by Bailly, 190; "Flowers on Porcelain," by Prêtre, 300; "The Chamber of Jesus," by C. Dolce, 160; "A Holy Family," by Maratti, 250; "The Marriage of St. Catherine," by Beschey, 160 10s.; and "The Adoration of the Magi," by Tiepolo, 170. At the same sale some works in ivory were disposed of, and amongst them were an "Ascension of Christ," 380; an "Adoration of the Shepherds," 190 10s.; "Birth of Christ," 350 10s.; a small "Christ," 340; and a "Calvary," 270 10s.

CARLSRUHE.—We hear, says the *Literary Gazette*, that a work of Art, just arrived from Rome, is creating much attention there. It is a statue of a young violin player, executed in Carrara marble by Herr Steinhäuser. The subject would seem most unsuited to sculpture; but it would appear that the artist has completely conquered the difficulties in his work. The statue, placed on a pedestal of red marble, represents a youth of the size of life, draped in a cloak cast over the left shoulder, which envelops the body, and descends to the knee. The attitude of the head, and expression of the face, denote the moment of rapt inspiration as he is about to sound his instrument. The bow and strings of the violin are of bronze. The statue is the property of the Prince Regent, who does everything in his limited power to further Art in his states.

COLOGNE.—The provincial government of Cologne, we learn from the *Builder*, have ordered M. Hohe, professor of drawing, to copy and trace the old mural paintings of St. Gereon's Church. They

belong to the thirteenth century, and are conspicuous for correct design and brilliant colouring, and represent figures of saints, above life size; containing also the apocalyptic signs of the evangelists, who stand in the niches of the chapel. The surrounding ornaments are in the Romanic character, passing somewhat into the Gothic.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

WARRINGTON.—The council of the Warrington School of Art report that the prospects of the school at the close of the first year of its perfectly independent existence are most gratifying in every respect. The school has now fully overcome the difficulties that beset such an institution at its outset, has won general confidence, has enlarged the sphere of its labours, and now really promises a future of stability and permanent usefulness. The year has been an eventful one; and though sometimes difficulties have gathered, the very efforts that have been necessary to overcome them have done much to spread a knowledge of the advantages of the institution, and to enlist public sympathy in its behalf. The attendance of students at the central school during the year has been as follows:—Special Class, males, 16; females, 26. Public Day Class, males, 25; females, 11. Public Evening Class, males, 45; females, 2. The entire number of students who have attended the school during the year is—Males, 86; Females, 39. Total 125. The relative merit of the works of the pupils has been impartially tested by examiners appointed by the Board of Trade in the three public exhibitions of students' works which have been held in London since the date of the last report of the school. Medals were awarded in those exhibitions to thirty-four works of the Warrington students, a number greater than that awarded to any school of the same age, even in large towns, and exceeding in some cases the number granted to the old-established schools.

PLYMOUTH.—The school of Art in this town progresses so satisfactorily that the accommodation at present provided does not meet its necessities, so that the committee have been compelled to refuse a considerable number of applicants for admission.

BATH.—The committee who manage the agreeable reunions at Bath exert themselves most laudably for the advantage of their visitors. The third conversazione of the season, which took place on the 11th of March, attracted much interest from the large number of excellent paintings and drawings lent for exhibition; the most valuable of these were contributed by Mr. Wallis, who sent Maclise's "Veiled Prophet" and "Spirit of Chivalry," Ary Scheffer's "Francesca di Rimini," Rankley's "Dream of Hope," F. Goodall's "Raising the Maypole," a small replica, with some slight variations, of the larger work; Linnell's "Windmill," Wilkie's "Alfred in the Neatherd's Cottage;" drawings by Austin, Turner, Stanfield, Müller, Chambers, W. Goodall, Hall, Hunt, Rayner, D. Cox, sen., T. S. Cooper, Bright, Salmon, Lewis. Among other works deserving of especial notice were "The Halt of a Party after a Day's Sport in the Highlands" by J. F. Herring; "Sunset at Sea" and "Isola del Pescatori," by G. E. Hering; "Sea Coast" and "Stepping Stones," by T. Danby; "Roses," by Miss A. Mutrie; "The Gardener's Store-room," G. Lance; "The Mill" and a "Landscape," by Bright; two "Views in North Devon," W. Muller; "The Mill-tail," G. Fripp; "Coast Scene," T. B. Aylmer; "Child mourning over a dead Bird," Sant; "The Deer-Leap," and others, by H. B. Willis; some interiors by Helmsley and J. and D. Hardy respectively; water-colour drawings in frames by Collingwood Smith; and in portfolios by Bennett, McKewan, Soper, Jutsum, Stephanoff, &c. &c.

TRURO.—The ladies of the morning class of the School of Art have presented to the master, Mr. G. R. Gill, a silver-mounted dressing-case, as a mark of their esteem for his manner of conducting their studies. The progress of the class it refers to affords much satisfaction, we are told, to the promoters of the school.

CLIFTON.—The first conversazione for the season of the Bristol and Clifton Graphic Society took place on Tuesday evening, the 4th of March, at the Victoria Rooms, Clifton, and was well attended.

WIMBORNE.—The Society of Arts of this city gave a soirée on the 20th of February. The great feature of attraction were the pictures selected by the Art-Union of Glasgow. M. De Peix Durioux during the evening read a paper on Art, which was listened to with much attention.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

GENEVIÈVE OF BRABANT.

G. Wappers, Painter. J. C. Armytage, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 2 ft. by 1 ft. 3½ in.

BARON GUSTAVUS WAPPERS, an artist whose merits have procured him from his sovereign an honourable title, was, till recently, President of the Academy of Arts of Antwerp, in which city he was born in 1803. He was a pupil in the school of which he afterwards became the head. In 1821 and 1823, he contended, but on both occasions unsuccessfully, for the prize which would have sent him to study at Rome: being frustrated in his desire to become acquainted with the great masters of Italy, as they are seen in their own country, he applied himself assiduously, under the direction of M. Herreyns, to the study of those works which were within his immediate reach—the pictures of the Flemish painters, especially those by Rubens and Vandyke. Subsequently he went into Holland to look at Rembrandt, and to Paris for the purpose of seeing the Italian pictures in the Louvre. But the style of this artist inclines far more to the Dutch and Italian schools than to that of Italy.

In 1833 he exhibited at Antwerp a large picture, painted for the church of St. Michael at Louvain. The subject is "The Entombment." The composition of this work is fine, but the colouring is somewhat over-done, a fault pardonable in a young artist whose enthusiasm was not yet tempered by judgment. An incident in the last Belgian Revolution, "The Populace tearing down the Proclamation of Prince Frederick in the grand square of Brussels," gave him, in 1835, a subject of another large work, which, in all the essentials of good painting, showed a marked superiority over the preceding picture: while his exhibited production of the following year, "Charles I. taking leave of his Family," manifested a striking advance in the powers of the artist. "M. Wappers," wrote a foreign critic some years back, "has in this picture really shown himself a great poet: it is impossible to be more poetical, more profound, more noble, and more truthful, at the same time. The canvas is a complete poem,—it is full of thoughts finely rendered."

We may mention among his other historical pictures, as especially entitled to honourable mention, his "Anne Boleyn;" "Charles IX. on the Eve of St. Bartholomew;" "The Massacre of the Protestants;" "Charles VII. and Agnes Sorel;" "Heloise and Abelard;" "Peter the Great at Saardam;" "Louis XI. witnessing a Fête-Champêtre;" "The Temptation of St. Anthony;" "The Defence of Rhodes against the Saracens by the Chevalier Faulques de Villaret," painted in 1848, by order of Louis Philippe, for the Palace of Versailles; &c. &c. The portraits by Baron Wappers are not unworthy of the great master whom he has most studied to follow in this branch of Art—namely, Vandyke.

This picture of "Geneviève of Brabant," painted in 1845, was, we have heard, a gift from the painter to Prince Albert, as a birth-day present to her Majesty. The subject is taken from an old Flemish legend, as popular in that country as the "Babes in the Wood," or any other, is in our own. Geneviève, driven from her home, through a false accusation, while her husband, the Count of Brabant, is engaged in the Crusades, is forced to take refuge, with her infant, in a cavern, where a hind daily ministers to their sustenance. She is represented in the picture at the entrance of the grotto, which opens towards a forest; the child is resting in her lap, the hind at her feet. The cavern is illumined by the brightness of day, and the painter, in a happy mood, has concentrated the rays of light chiefly upon the child's face. By this his idea is sufficiently illustrated. Though Geneviève's head is shaded, she does not look up painfully, nor does she appear as suffering from mental disquietude: her thoughts are with her child, who, blessed with health and infantine beauty, is her comfort and joy in these dark hours of her history.

The picture is in the collection at Windsor.

EXETER HALL.

ON THE ELEVENTH OF MARCH.

THE great London world knows that, on the evening of the eleventh of March, Mr. and Madame Goldschmidt gave a concert at Exeter Hall, devoting the whole of the receipts to the NIGHTINGALE FUND. Some months have elapsed since this was determined on, and the manner of the "doing" has been worthy of the doers, and of the cause: the public saw the effect; but only those who were so fortunate as to be "behind the scenes" can thoroughly appreciate the sacrifice, the earnestness of purpose, the care and pains bestowed in "getting up" the concert. Indeed, the rehearsals were as well worth hearing as the concert itself. In some instances better: for Madame Goldschmidt did not hesitate to sing over and over again, not only passages but pages, when the accompaniments wanted perfecting; these repetitions were given with as much strength and expression as if the "public" were present; hour after hour passed away, but Mr. and Madame Goldschmidt remained with Mr. Benedict, labouring for the completeness of the whole.

The evening concert was also distinguished by another mark of this desire for perfection: not only did it present the mingled attractions of Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Rossini, Weber, and Meyerbeer, but Mr. Goldschmidt had reserved the first performance of what may be called a miniature Oratorio of his own composition for the occasion; thus adding a decided novelty to the attractions of "the world's favourites."

Mr. Goldschmidt's reputation as a pianist has increased with every performance; the selection of his subjects is evidence of his school; and of his taste: but to thoroughly appreciate the tenderness and delicacy of this artist's piano-forte playing, he should be heard in a less spacious concert-room; for though his finger is sufficiently eloquent and powerful to fill Exeter Hall in the stronger parts, yet the hall is not adapted for the conveyance of those delicate phrases—those soft and exquisite passages—which Otto Goldschmidt renders with such perfect sentiment—such marvellous depth and tenderness of feeling and expression.

Taking the 130th Psalm as his text, Mr. Goldschmidt's introduction was prayerful and fervent; the preface to a pleading and pathetic melody, "From the deep I cry unto thee, O Lord," which was exquisitely and truthfully rendered by Madame Goldschmidt; this was followed by a chorus, founded on Martin Luther's *Chorale*; then came a short interlude, preceding a delicious chorus of female voices:—

"See all the lilies clad in glory,
They labour not;
See all the birds that fly before thee,
They gather not;
Yet the Lord maintaineth them;
His mighty hand sustaineth them;
Say, art thou not more than the flowers he unfoldeth,
And more than the birds he upholdeth?"

The effect of this chorus was all that could be desired; and the applause was only partially subdued, despite the "time-honoured" custom of not applauding sacred music.

The duet between Madame Goldschmidt and Mr. Swift, which immediately followed, sustained the character of the composition; while the chorus for male voices that burst forth at its conclusion, freely expressed the hope and merriment which the words conveyed.

The *Arioso*, sung by Madame Goldschmidt, with obligato accompaniment on the clariodet by Mr. Lazarus, relieved the chorus; and was exquisitely given; we could have wished it prolonged; but the composer revels in multitudinous of voices and instruments, perfectly acquainted with the power and extent of those he calls into action: all is commanded by a master's skill; each plays its own part towards the perfecting of the whole; and, if we felt the first chorus drag a little before its conclusion, the last left us positively nothing to desire but its repetition.

Without being professedly critical in things musical, we can bear ample testimony to the poetic conception and fulfilment of this varied



J. C. ARMITAGE SCULPT

GENEVIÈVE OF BRABANT.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

G. WATERS. FINE.



and beautiful composition; giving sound and voice first to the earnest prayer, then to the evidences of Almighty goodness; and, lastly, to the exulting triumph, springing from faith, in the "Great Shepherd." We have reason to rejoice that Mr. Goldschmidt has contributed so effectively to our store of sacred music; and to thank him for the graceful homage rendered to Miss Nightingale, by producing what was in itself so pure and holy for such an occasion.

Nothing could be more rich and varied than the first part of this unrivalled performance. The test of the musical standing of an audience is in their appreciation of instrumental music; "a song" hushes even the least initiated into silence; but it is only an educated and comprehending audience that are "hushed as the grave," when Beethoven and his compeers speak; England is still in its noviciate as a musical nation. Paying for a thing and appreciating it are two distinct matters; but the more we advance, the more thoroughly shall we comprehend the rendering of the compositions of the old masters, by the hands of such conscientious and faithful musicians as Mr. Otto Goldschmidt.

The second part of this deeply interesting concert was hailed by the most vigorous applause—the audience, freed from the restraint of custom, indulged their enthusiasm; all could wonder at and admire the marvellous vocalisation of Madame Goldschmidt in "Squalida veste e bruna;" it was a concert in itself, giving ample proof that while her voice has not lost a shadow of its eloquence and beauty, it has gained in strength, and even in extent. Her singing in the trio for a soprano and two flutes, has achieved popularity throughout Europe and America; and the concert wound up gloriously by the world-famous solo quartette and chorus "Alcibiades gli evviva," from Weber's "Euryanthe."

Charming as was all—perfect of its kind—a leader of rare and varied accomplishments, unsurpassed artists and orchestra, a well-trained chorus, and a brilliant audience—there was a purpose about this concert more grand in its simplicity than anything that has hitherto been felt or known in England. A country gentlewoman, moved by the spirit of Samaritan Christianity to devote herself, while in the bloom of womanhood, to the alleviation of suffering and the amelioration of the necessities of the poor, trains her accomplished mind to the duties of a nurse. She seeks abroad the information which, to our shame be it spoken, she could not find at home, by the power of a mind which, seeing that its attributes are purely feminine, it would be an offence to call "masculine." She saw, combined, considered—and, freighted with her slowly but surely developed purpose, she returned, not to the ease and luxury of her beautiful home, to visit the sick in "silken shen," and talk over her "experience" in "county families," but to alleviate the sufferings of the "poor gentlewoman," in an asylum which she undertook to superintend, reorganise, and assist to support. This was all done without sound or parade—none had then heard the name which has since been hailed as the one unswerving glory of our war: there she watched and waited, not as a lady, but as a woman; never perhaps thinking of the gifts which were working out a destiny, the most glorious that ever fell to woman's lot. When the time of her country's struggle arrived, the path she considered duty lay wide and broad before her. Many devoted women desired to combine with her, and others followed in their wake. Mr. Sidney Herbert saw the base and antidote,—to him we are indebted for appreciating Florence Nightingale when her name was hardly known in her new calling, beyond the refuge where she succoured and saved—he knew her purpose, knew her strength, knew that England could trust her. And she went with one or two friends, and a band of women—all prepared to devote themselves for the honour of their country and the good of mankind!

But all words concerning this admirable woman are now needless; the world feels, appreciates, and acknowledges the debt the world owes her; to the thousands who have derived health and life from her labours may be added

—in the prospect—the hundreds of thousands of the hereafter. It is a glory to have aided the future of such a woman, while recording homage and gratitude for the past.

But in the matter to which we now more immediately refer, there is something inexpressibly gratifying: Mr. and Madame Goldschmidt are foreigners; they cannot, either indirectly or directly, derive comfort or advantage from the Institution Miss Nightingale is to form—except in their large love of humanity, and their abounding desire to do good. Yet see what they have done for the Nightingale Fund! The concert realised a sum of no less than 1,872l. 6s., that is to say, such was the sum paid by the attendance, for Mr. and Madame Goldschmidt would permit no deduction on account of the necessary expenses: these expenses they paid themselves, and they exceeded in amount 560l. Had they contributed only this 560l., it would have been a noble contribution! As it is, it is without parallel: so grand and graceful a gift of homage from one woman to another has never been recorded. Surely this great example must spread: surely there will not be a woman in the British dominions who will not—as far as her means permit her—"do likewise!"

A. M. H.

THE ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT FUND.

THIS very valuable society had its anniversary festival on March 15. We have so often directed attention to its claims and merits, that our duty may now be discharged by simply recording its progress. Since its institution—so far back as the year 1814—it has relieved a large amount of suffering; and although it is, very properly, a principle not to publish the names of those who are relieved or assisted, we speak within our own knowledge when we say that among the "cases" are many of a deeply touching and highly interesting character. Our readers are aware that this society differs from "The Artists' Benevolent Fund," inasmuch as it is open to all applicants—artists, their widows and orphans, who are in difficulties or distress; while "The Artists' Fund"—an admirable institution—does not, and cannot, afford relief to any who are not of its subscribers. The dinner on the 11th was well attended; the President and eight or ten members of the Royal Academy being among the guests. Lord Stanley discharged the duties of chairman with remarkable felicity, and with considerable eloquence; he was ably supported by the Earl Stanhope, who made the very gratifying announcement that the sum acquired by the forthcoming "Life of Sir Robert Peel"—the production of which from the great and good statesman's papers had been entrusted to him and Mr. Cardwell—was by his directions to

* We print with much pleasure the following "acknowledgment," which has been circulated by the Committee:—

"THE NIGHTINGALE FUND.—5, Parliament Street, March 17, 1854.—The Committee of the Nightingale Fund have the gratification to announce, that they have received from Mr. and Madame Goldschmidt the most liberal contribution of 1,872l. 6s., being the proceeds of the concert given by them at Exeter Hall, on Tuesday, the 11th of March.

This amount is free of all deduction on account of the expenses of the concert, which have been entirely defrayed by Mr. and Madame Goldschmidt.

"The contribution is presented by Mr. and Madame Goldschmidt as 'a testimony of their warm interest in the purposes to which the fund is destined, and of their sympathy and admiration towards the lady whose name it bears.'

"The Committee feel that any observations would be superfluous, but they cannot leave this announcement without expressing their belief that this act of Christian sympathy on the part of an accomplished foreign lady, marking her appreciation of the services of one of her own sex, and of the benevolent and useful purposes to which the fund is appropriated, cannot fail to call forth new and increased exertions on the part of all the countrywomen of Florence Nightingale.

"NIGHTINGALE, Chairman.
"MRS. HERBERT, Hon.
"S. C. HALL, Sec."

be divided among several charitable institutions—of which the first hundred pounds was then and there presented to "The Artists' General Benevolent Fund." A scarcely less gratifying announcement was made in the Hall: two very beautiful engravings have been given to the society by Lord Yarborough; one of these, the far-famed "Wreck of the Minotaur," was exhibited in the room. This most liberal and valuable aid to the society was communicated by his lordship in a letter to the President of the Royal Academy, of which we are permitted to print a copy:—

MANBY HALL,
BRISTOL, Nov. 3, 1853.

DEAR SIR CHARLES,—

Some three years ago I presented to Mr. Charles Agar, of Manchester, the copyright of "The Wreck of the Minotaur," which he undertook to have engraved for general distribution.

Since then, circumstances have occurred which have induced me to make arrangements with him for the purchase of the engraved plate. In consideration of the benevolent object for which it is my intention to apply it, he kindly resigned any pecuniary advantage to be derived therefrom.

The position you occupy as President of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, induces me to address you, to ask your assistance in enabling me to carry out to the fullest extent a scheme I have in view—viz., to assist deserving but distinguished artists, their widows and orphans.

With this object I propose to present to the Artists' General Benevolent Institution the copyright and two engraved steel plates from pictures in my own possession. The one, "The Wreck of the Minotaur," on the point of completion by Mr. T. O. Barlow; the other, "The Opening of the Vintage of Mâcon," which engraving the same gentleman has engaged to complete by the 19th of September, 1857. Both these pictures, as you are doubtless aware, were painted by the late J. M. W. Turner, R.A., and under the following circumstances.

My grandfather, with two other noblemen, subscribed a sum of money to enable Mr. Turner to travel, and take advantage of the opportunities then offered to artists to study the works of old masters. Whilst so travelling—I think about the beginning of this century—he painted the latter picture, styled "The Opening of the Vintage of Mâcon," of which a relative of mine wrote to me in 1851:—"Turner's own description, some thirty or forty years ago, was 'Between Chalons and Mâcon'; at that time it caused a great sensation." I believe that picture was painted about 1807, and then purchased by my grandfather. The other picture, "The Wreck of the Minotaur," was painted for my father, I believe, about the year 1811.

In the *Naval Chronicle*, at vol. xiv., page 56, a description of the wreck is given.

I therefore present to the above-named Institution the copyright and engraved steel-plates of these valued works of Art, to induce other proprietors of valuable pictures to follow my example, by which I am inclined to hope substantial means of affording relief to distressed artists may be forthcoming, and at the same time an encouragement given to artists to produce works of sufficient importance to secure their being handed down to posterity; and, let me observe, that whilst the proprietors of such pictures may be supplying themselves with another work of Art in the shape of an engraving, these printed pictures may at the same time encourage a charity in every way deserving of support.

I must ask you to be so good as to frame, with the assistance of the council, the most desirable mode of securing to the Institution the largest amount of money, which the possession of these plates may enable them to add to its funds.

You will, perhaps, allow me to observe, when I consider the circumstance of the late Mr. Turner having been a zealous and anxious supporter of your Institution, the possession of these plates by it is rendered very appropriate.

Believe me,

Dear Sir Charles Eastlake,
Yours faithfully,

YARBOROUGH.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE MODELS FOR SIX NEW STATUES to illustrate the creations of the poets of Great Britain, have been selected by the London City authorities, and the six commissions finally given. Mr. Baily undertakes another Miltonic figure, "The Spirit of the Woods;" Mr. Wyon a statue of "Britomart," from Spenser's "Faery Queen;" Mr. Theed, a figure of Gray's "Bard;" Mr. Durham, a statue of Hermione, in the "Winter's Tale;" Mr. Weekes, a figure of Sardanapalus, from Byron's tragedy; and Mr. Foley, a statue of Caractacus. These works are to be executed in marble; and for each the City is to pay the sum of 700*l*. The height of each is to be six feet. We have repeatedly expressed the exceeding satisfaction the public will feel at this encouragement of Art, on the part of the magnates of "Great London." We are not quite sure that wisdom has been exercised in permitting to the sculptors the choice of subject: they are, as will be seen, so varied in style and character, that all harmony is sacrificed. This may not be a disadvantage if they are to be placed in separate and distinct apartments; but it will be a serious evil if they are all to occupy the Egyptian Hall.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—Mr. Coningham, we fear, will never rest satisfied with any acquisition the National Gallery receives till he is consulted previously to its purchase: it is a great pity the trustees do not remove Sir Charles Eastlake, and substitute Mr. Coningham in his room; they will then, probably, be permitted to hold office in quietude. This gentleman has recently addressed a letter to the *Times*, asserting that the new purchase, "The Adoration of the Magi," by Paul Veronese, is absolutely worth nothing! We dare say if it fell into the hands of one of the itinerant picture-dealers who traverse the country, something would be made of it; at least, a few years ago this would have certainly been done. We are not prepared to say the picture is worth 2000*l*., about the sum which, it is stated, was paid for it; but surely the President of the Royal Academy, who is also Director of the National Gallery, and Mr. Wornum, the Secretary, who also, we presume, had a voice in the purchase, are as capable of forming an opinion on the originality and the value of a picture by an old master as Mr. Coningham: for ourselves, we have far less confidence in his judgment, even were he of less querulous disposition, than in that of the Director and the Secretary.

COPYRIGHT IN PICTURES.—The Royal Academy, it would seem, is about to stir itself in the long- vexed question of Copyright in Pictures, a meeting of the Council having been held on the evening of March 14th, to consider the best method of procedure. Such a movement it is right should emanate from such a body, and if properly managed, as there is every reason to believe it will be, must result in a manner satisfactory to the artists and the public. At present neither the one nor the other know what are their rightful claims.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—The destruction by fire of this fine edifice on the morning of the 4th of March must be a matter of sincere regret to every lover of dramatic and lyric art, and scarcely less to the admirers of what more strictly belongs to the Fine Arts. In the almost universal conflagration, the magnificent scenery painted by Messrs. Grieve & Telbin during a course of many years for the various operas, pantomimes, and dramatic representations which were performed within its walls, is involved: of this description of Art-work it is not too much to say that they have never been surpassed in this or any other country, the talents of these artists having brought scene-painting to the highest point of excellence. The four pictures by Hogarth, representing the "Seasons," which hung upon the walls in the private room of the lessee, are also destroyed, besides an immense quantity of fine ancient armour, costumes of infinite variety, and "properties" of every kind, all of which served to make up the living pictures that have proved sources of rational enjoyment to thousands. But the ruins make a pic-

torial "subject" which would be worth looking at by some of our architectural painters; standing among them, one may, without any vast stretch of imagination, fancy himself among the relics of some old Roman edifice. The building itself was not without considerable attractions as an architectural work: it was erected, in 1809, from the design of Sir Robert Smirke, R.A., and the portico, which formed the principal feature externally, was always greatly admired; the sculptured bas-reliefs, and the statues of "Tragedy" and "Comedy" which also decorated the front, were executed by Flaxman. The theatre had frequently been used for purposes unworthy of its original object, and of the names—the Siddons and the Kembles—so long associated with its glories; and we cannot help lamenting it has fallen a victim to one of the most senseless and demoralising exhibitions that was ever contrived to pass away hours devoted to relaxation: we have often wondered that a sober-minded people, like the English, could tolerate the absurdities—to add nothing more—of a *bal masqué*.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS.—The *Builder* announces that at a special general meeting of the Institute, held on Monday evening, February 18th, the Royal Gold Medal was unanimously awarded, subject to her Majesty's gracious approval, to Wm. Tite, Fellow, F.R.S., M.P. The Soane Medallion was awarded to Mr. Leonard R. Roberts, of Sackville Street, Piccadilly, for his design for a town mansion. A Medal of Merit was awarded to Mr. Thomas C. Sorby, of Guildford Street, Russell Square, for his design for Law Courts. A Medal of Merit to Mr. James Blake, of Handsworth, Birmingham, for his design for a town mansion. And the Silver Medal of the Institute to Mr. T. A. Britton, of Camden Town, for an essay on "The Timber-Growing Countries of Europe and America."

THE PROPOSED NEW NATIONAL GALLERY.—There seems to be some movement afoot relative to a new National Gallery, for Prince Albert, attended by Sir W. Cubitt and Mr. Edgar Bowring, recently paid a visit to the ground at Kensington Gore, purchased some time since by the Royal Commission: we shall wait anxiously to know what is contemplated.

TURNER'S BEQUEST: TRIMMER v. DANBY.—This case, which has been adjourned from time to time, to settle the terms of compromise between the Crown and the next of kin and heir-at-law of the testator, has at last been brought to a termination by the sanction of the Vice-Chancellor. The result, so far as the public is concerned, is that all pictures, finished and unfinished, sketches and drawings (except engravings), are to go to the Trustees of the National Gallery—that is, all works by the hand of Mr. Turner, the selection to be committed to Sir C. L. Eastlake, President of the Academy, and Mr. Knight, R.A., the Secretary. The engravings and other drawings (we do not quite understand what these "other drawings" can be) to be delivered to the next of kin: the trustees of the Royal Academy to be entitled to 20,000*l*., free of legacy duty. There thus seems to be no chance of the "Artists' Almshouse."

MADemoiselle ROSA BONHEUR's fine picture of "The Horse Fair," engraving for Mr. Gambart, is at present being exhibited at the Royal Institution, Manchester, under the care of Messrs. Agnew & Son. Mr. Thomas Landseer is working most assiduously on the plate, which he hopes to have completed by the end of the year; it is of large dimensions. We have had an opportunity of examining an etching proof; it is, certainly, the work of a master; Mr. Landseer has caught the true spirit of the artist in the drawing and character of the animals, and if the plate is finished as it has been commenced, of which there is no doubt, it will, we expect, be the *chef d'œuvre* of the engraver.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.—A stained glass window of large dimensions, about twenty-five feet in height, has recently been placed in the eastern end of the Painted Hall of Greenwich Hospital. It was executed from the designs, and under the superintendence, of Mr. Burchett, head-master of the School of the Department of Science and Art, at Marlborough House. The principal decorations consist of our national

armorial bearings, surrounded by naval emblems and other ornaments: the whole has a rich effect, adding materially to the beauty of this noble apartment.

PICTURES AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—It is announced that a collection of paintings will be exhibited at the Crystal Palace during the summer, such pictures to be gathered not only from England, but from the various countries of the continent. Such a scheme might possibly have succeeded a year or two ago, but it cannot be concealed that the palace at Sydenham has lost its *prestige*, and it is not likely that artists of rank and merit will be disposed to place their pictures there—even if they have them to place, which is improbable. The project is to exhibit them "for sale," and this may tempt dealers to consider the Crystal Palace a convenient store-house; further than this we do not expect it to be; but while we view the affair with doubt approaching suspicion, it will be our duty to aid if we find the performance better than the promise.

THE PEACE CONFERENCES.—Mr. Gambart, the publisher, of Berners Street, has, it is said, given a commission to M. Dubufe, to paint a picture of the plenipotentiaries assembled in Paris to settle the question of peace: how the artist is to make his sketch "from the life" we know not, if the apartment in which the conferences are held is so hermetically sealed up against spectators and hearers as it is reported to be. M. Dubufe is a pupil of Paul Delaroche, and is to have 1200*l*. for his picture, which will be brought to England to be engraved.

THE OLD CRYPT under the Guildhall of London is, we hear, about to be converted into a kitchen! where turtle and venison will be dished up for future civic entertainments: Mr. Banning has been requested to procure estimates for the necessary cooking apparatus. Is there so little reverence for antiquities among the civic authorities that this crypt, one of the finest specimens of early English architecture that the city can boast, must be sacrificed at the shrines of Mrs. Glass, Mrs. Dalgairns, and M. Soyer?

THE HAMPSHIRE CONVERSATION held a meeting on the 11th of March; the members and their friends assembling in considerable force. The principal Art-contributions were a large number of landscape sketches in oil, by Mr. J. W. Oakes, and in water-colour by Mr. W. L. Leitch; of churches by Mr. H. J. Johnson; Mr. E. Armitage's original sketches of the "Battle of Inkermann," and the "Charge at Balaklava," for the two large pictures now exhibiting in Pall Mall; sketches in the Crimea, by Mr. M. Halliday, an amateur artist; Mr. Cockerell, R.A., sent his ingenious and clever drawing of the "Professor's Dream," a comparative view of all the great buildings of the world; and his son, Mr. F. P. Cockerell, contributed several architectural drawings, chiefly of churches in Paris, Rome, &c. Other objects were collected in the apartment to aid in the evening's amusement; china, majolica ware, and weapons of war taken in the Crimean campaign.

PANORAMA OF SEBASTOPOL.—From the time of the elder Barker to the present, the wars in which England has been engaged have formed many of the most interesting and popular exhibitions in the building so long devoted to panoramic representations in Leicester Square; this is not to be wondered at if we recollect how wide an interest is created by the stern realities of war, even though we know them only through the aid of the artist's pencil. Mr. Burford, the worthy successor of the younger Barker, has recently opened to the public a "View of the City of Sebastopol, the Assaults on the Malakhoff and the Redan, the Retreat of the Russians to the North Side of the Harbour," &c., the whole constituting a most perfect and truthful representation of the final terrible struggle for this stronghold of Russian power in the Crimea. The panorama is painted from sketches taken by Captain Verschoyle, of the Grenadier Guards, aided by photographic views, which give to the work a truthfulness it would have been quite impossible to reach by any other means. The whole scene lies stretched out before the eye of the spectator—who is presumed to be standing on one of the outworks of the Malakhoff—in all its terrible vividness: we see the brilliant and

successful attacks of the French on this almost impregnable position, our own not less gallant but unfortunate attempt to storm the Redan, the long lines of trenches intersecting the surrounding country like a net-work, the town of Sebastopol riven and shattered by the long-continued and heavy fire of the besiegers, the suburb of the Karabelnain, a perfect scene of ruin and desolation—everything, in fact, not only painted with the skill of a true artist, but, as was remarked by a visitor who had been present throughout the whole campaign, with "marvellous fidelity." We trust the day is very far distant when such another subject—one in its vastness, its terrific and awful grandeur, can scarcely, however, occur again—will engage the pencil of Mr. Burford and his able assistant, Mr. Selous. We scarcely need to recommend a visit to it, but we can heartily do so. By the way, would it not be possible to open the exhibition in the evening? There are thousands who would gladly avail themselves of such an opportunity, whose occupations afford them no other; we throw out the hint for Mr. Burford's consideration.

STUMPS FOR CRAYON DRAWING.—We have received from Messrs. Houghton & Co. specimens of stumps applicable to crayon drawings of every kind; they seem to possess qualities as good as the stumps which are supplied to this country by manufacturers of France, who have hitherto enjoyed almost a monopoly in England of this useful article. The leather stump of Messrs. Houghton is very solid, and shows none of the interstices which so much annoy artists by producing double lines in ridges, and it possesses that great desideratum, a firm and solid point. The paper stump manufactured by them is made of the best white blotting-paper, which, by the aid of machinery, is rolled into a solid and correct form, pleasant to work with. The pulpy nature of the material gives to it a beautiful softness of surface unattainable by the hard paper in general use. There is also a stump which the makers call the "Cartoon Stump;" it will be found very useful from the peculiarity of its shape; the flat end being adapted for rubbing in foregrounds, and for model-drawing. These stumps may be procured from any of the principal artists' colourmen in London.

EVANS'S HOTEL.—Artistic improvements in our places of public resort are of so uncommon a kind, that we feel bound to devote a few words to a supper-room recently constructed at the back of Evans's Hotel, Covent Garden, and which may be considered one of the most elegant rooms in London; its proportions are magnificent, and its style of decoration sufficiently classic, without that sombre look it too frequently assumes. Its architect is Mr. Finch Hill, and he has judiciously availed himself of hidden lights above the architrave to give lightness to his ceiling; while it aids the uses to which the room is devoted. A very few years ago it would have been impossible to have alluded to this improvement at all; but to the present proprietor, Mr. Green, is due the honour of having elevated the moral tone of its amusements, and made them unobjectionable. This is no small honour, where profit was gained by the reverse nightly; and it required some moral courage to abandon the course altogether, as well as courage of another kind to hazard so much in the construction of this really beautiful room. It is a wholesome proof, however, of improved public taste, to find increased patronage rewarding both.

THE PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF RUTLAND, painted by Mr. F. Grant, R.A., has just been presented to his Grace, by a deputation of his tenants, at whose cost it was executed. The Duke is represented in a sitting position; the likeness is pronounced excellent.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—Mr. Panizzi has been appointed Principal Librarian to the British Museum, in the place of Sir Henry Ellis, who has recently resigned the post, after occupying it for more than half a century.

THE GRAPHIC SOCIETY had another meeting on the 12th of last month: what was to be seen on the occasion we know only from hearsay, and do not choose to report on second-hand authority.

REVIEWS.

THE FIRST-BORN. Engraved by T. VERNON, from the picture by C. W. COPE, R.A. **THE VILLA FOUNTAIN.** Engraved by W. FORREST, from the picture by W. L. LEITCH. Published by the Art-Union of Glasgow.

These two charming prints are intended for the subscribers, of the present year, to the Art-Union of Glasgow, and a more acceptable presentation they could scarcely desire to receive. In lieu of giving an engraving of very large dimensions, such as the "Return from Deer Stalking," and "Coming of Age," of former years, the committee have this year determined upon issuing two of a smaller size, yet of sufficient importance to hang on a wall: in this we think they have acted most judiciously, as in many instances the cost of framing large prints is a matter of consideration, and where it is not it is always convenient and agreeable to have variety, both of size and subject. But, we believe the principal reason of this departure from the usual course is, to avoid any unnecessary delay in the delivery of the prints—a delay that the working of a large plate would unavoidably have entailed. Mr. Cope's picture is one of his works exhibited at the Royal Academy within the last two or three years; it represents a young wife and her husband, most picturesquely grouped and attired, bending over the couch of their "first-born," who lies sleeping, and in a state of half-nudity, its round fleshy limbs giving strong evidence of health and vigour: the boy will make a stalwart man if his life is preserved, and a handsome one, too. This, the lower part of the picture, as Mr. Vernon has translated it, deserves especial commendation: the whole is very good, but there is a delicacy and softness in the flesh of the child, and in the coverlid of the couch, we have rarely or never seen excelled; the lines show a masterly power of cutting, united with great tenderness. Mr. Vernon, whose engravings must be well known to our readers, will certainly add greatly to his reputation by this work. The upper half of the composition, which takes in the parents and the heavy foldings of a curtain, contrasts somewhat unfavourably with the lightness and elegance of the lower part; it is almost entirely in shadow, the weight of which well-nigh overpowers the rest; we think this might have been obviated by throwing a little more reflected light on the face of the mother, and on the right arm and shoulder of the male figure; although the light in the picture falls the other way, such a liberty, with the artist's treatment, might have been taken without injury to his composition, while it would certainly have much improved the engraving, by leading the eye gradually from the highest lights to the deepest shadows, and preserving a more equitable balance between the two. Yet as the work now stands it is a print to be coveted.

The "Villa Fountain" is from a very beautiful landscape composition by Mr. Leitch, whose imaginary Italian scenes are most poetically conceived and artistically painted: this picture shows pre-eminently his skill in designing and arranging Roman architecture in the midst of the most delicious landscape. We have in the picture before us, temple and palace, gateway, and bridges on lofty arches, not quite as they might be supposed to have been left by the original builders, but more or less spoiled by the hand of time; shrubs partially hide, and noble trees overshadow, the beautiful remains of Roman grandeur. In the foreground is a terrace, on which are numerous female figures engaged in fetching water from the "fountain" flowing through a kind of gateway below: the middle distance is occupied by a pile of buildings leading from a bridge that spans a narrow stream, which is seen winding its way through a long tract of country interspersed with villas and half-ruined edifices. It is paying Mr. Leitch no higher compliment than he deserves, to say his picture forcibly reminds us of some of Turner's best compositions of similar materials. The engraver, Mr. Forrest, has ably done his part to make the print popular; he appears to have caught the painter's feeling throughout, and to have translated the work with great ability: there is a richness and a fullness in his style that tell most effectively, while at the same time he has not lost sight of the delicacy of handling which marks the highly-finished engraving. There is, however, one passage in the work to which we should have drawn his attention had we seen a proof before printing. The aqueduct in the middle distance, and the masses of trees immediately below should have been a little lighter—as they now stand they come too forward, and give an appearance of heaviness to that portion of the engraving: the printer might have obviated this by careful "wiping out."

WHAT IS PRE-RAPHAELITISM? By JOHN BALLANTYNE, A.R.S.A. Published by W. BLACKWOOD & SONS, Edinburgh and London.

After reading this pamphlet through very attentively, we do not seem to have arrived at any satisfactory solution of the question indicated in the title: Mr. Ballantyne writes sensibly upon certain characteristics of Art, but he has not answered his own query; we object only to the title given to his work, for he rather explains what Pre-Raphaelitism is not, than what it is. Assuming Mr. Ruskin's definition to be correct, that it is "the close study and imitation of nature," Mr. Ballantyne would class Wilkie, Mulready, and others with the Pre-Raphaelites, except for the absence of those peculiarities in which the latter indulge; and he is perfectly right in doing so. There is no doubt that the painters anterior to Raphael studied nature closely, but their ignorance of the other essentials of a true and graceful representation of what is natural, renders their pictures the very reverse of agreeable, and far more of what is beautiful: they wanted, in fact, the science of Art to aid them to interpret aright what nature revealed to them. We may well doubt whether Cimabue, Giotto, Masaccio, Francia, Perugino, and other predecessors of Raphael would have painted as they did, if they had been born after the great master instead of before him; they would have been the first to recognise and imitate his truth, elegance, and beauty. Mr. Ballantyne has a thrust, a very gentle one, however, at Mr. Ruskin, for his advocacy of the claims of their modern followers, who, we are glad to find, are fast turning from the errors of their ways into a more rational and living style. Mr. Ballantyne's pamphlet is worth perusal, as a dissertation upon true and false styles.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE EYE: THE IMPORTANCE AND DIGNITY OF THE EYE AS INDICATIVE OF GENERAL CHARACTER, FEMALE BEAUTY, AND MANLY GENIUS. By JOSEPH TURNLEY. With Illustrations by GILBERT, ANELAY, &c. Published by PARTRIDGE & Co., London.

We have always regarded the loss of sight the greatest calamity that can befall an individual, next to the loss of reason; not only because the deprivation of this sense shuts out from him the enjoyment of all that is beautiful to the eye, and to the mind through that organ, but because he himself appears to all the world as one whose lamp of intelligence is extinguished, and he walks among his fellows a man on whom a very heavy portion of the primeval curse has fallen, in that he has lost the light of life. How often, when regarding such an object, have we desired the godlike power—

"From the thick film to purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day."

True is it that the loss of sight has mercifully been supplied, in some degree, by extraordinary acuteness of perception in the use of other faculties; and the face of the blind is often expressive of the highest mental qualities belonging to our nature; yet, in every such case, there is still wanting that radiance which is necessary to illumine outwardly the understanding, just as we require the beams of the sun to light up, in all their beauty and infinite variety, the tints and colours of the landscape and the flower.

The language of the eye! what poet has not sung, who among all living creatures has not felt, its power, and its eloquence—more stirring than any words uttered by the lips of man? The eye, says Mr. Turnley, speaking of it as the inlet of thought to the brain, "is, of all the senses, the most reflective and powerful: by its rapid agencies man principally acts and thinks; and through its channels pass influences more numerous than the sands of the sea-shore,—influences which are as sparks of eternal light amidst kindred glories. By the aid of this acute sense, man is enabled to act amidst the social throng with order and excellence; through its agencies, his imagination is captivated, his affections secured, and an irresistible and seductive influence consummated over his will, his judgment, and every attribute of his nature." And while the eye acts so as to assist materially in forming the character of the man, it is also a medium of developing that character to his associates, as well as the feelings by which he is at all times influenced: love, anger, joy, grief, pity, contempt, all the good and all the evil passions of his heart, shine through that mysterious organ, and proclaim what is passing within him as clearly as if the words were written on his forehead with a pen of fire.

Mr. Turnley is happy in the subject he has selected for a book, and he has treated it happily, handling it scientifically and philosophically, as

well as poetically. He has divided it into chapters, the first half of which speaks of the subject generally, the last half of particular characteristics—Genius, Hope, Innocence, &c. &c. His style of writing is good, except where now and then it becomes a little inflated—an offence that one may readily pardon, considering the topics to which his subject necessarily leads him at times. We have read his volume with much pleasure, but wish the whole of the illustrations, from the frontispiece to the last, were away: the former evidences bad taste in a living author, the rest are neither ornamental to the book, nor aids to the understanding of its contents.

CHOICE FRUIT, after the Picture by G. LANCE: PARIS FROM THE PONT ROYAL, after the Picture by T. S. BOYS. Printed in colours, and published by M. & N. HANHART, London.

A noble melon, grapes of prodigious size and quality, as it would seem, bunches of red currants, plums, &c., a bit of matting—Mr. Lance's matting is imperishable, it never wears out—are the materials of this chromo-lithographic picture: it is a large print, all the fruit being of its natural size, and it comes as near to the original as we think, any colour-printing of such a subject can approach: the tints are rich and glowing, and the painter's touches are well copied; but we miss the transparency Mr. Lance gives to his fruit; this, in the grapes and currants, is especially lacking, nor do we think the art of Mr. Hanhart, or any other printer, can produce it; and, therefore, pictures of this nature are not so well adapted to exhibit the merits of chromo-lithography as are landscapes and figures.

The view of Paris is almost all that can be desired. The picture has evidently been painted in a low tone, but it is very life-like: we object, however, to the strong shadow thrown over the terminating end of the Louvre; it is far too heavy, and looks a blot on the print. In nature, a shadow so cast could only be accidental, and, therefore, would not be so intense, particularly at such a distance from the point of sight: had it fallen from any object in close proximity to the building, it would still be too dark: we presume the fault here rests with the painter rather than the copyist.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN, UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HER MAJESTY, BY ROGER FENTON, ESQ. Published by AGNEW & SONS, Manchester.

The large number of photographic pictures taken by Mr. Fenton in the Crimea last year, formed for some months one of the most attractive exhibitions in the metropolis; these photographs were taken expressly for publication, and the first part has now appeared, containing two subjects from each of the several divisions, portraits, incidents, and landscapes. A work of this character is almost beyond the criticism of the reviewer; he has not to comment upon the art of the painter nor the skill of the engraver; nature, aided by the scientific talents of the photographer, does the work of both, and in this case the work has been done well. It seems almost unnecessary to recommend a publication to which so universal an interest is attached, for there is little doubt of its finding the patronage to which it is entitled, both as regards the nature of the subject and the beauty of the sun-pictures.

THE DISTURBER DETECTED. Engraved by W. T. DAVEY, from the Picture by G. CRUIKSHANK. Published by T. MACLEAN, London.

From Mr. Cruikshank's pencil we always expect to see something diverting, or some lesson of sound morality, and we are rarely disappointed. The "Disturber Detected" is of the former class, and, if we are not mistaken, is the first engraving from any oil-picture by this artist. The scene is the interior of a country church: seated in the front of the squire's pew is the beadle—of the veritable Bumble species—at whose right hand is a group of village children, one of whom, an ill-favoured looking boy in a round frock, has let fall on the stone flooring a peg-top, to the disturbance of the whole congregation: the beadle is horrified, the squire casts a side-glance over the corner of his pew at the offender, the squire's family are all on the *qui vive*, the quaint pew-opener, whose head appears above the back of the pew, is shocked; the culprit is looking at the beadle as if anticipating the application of his official stick, while the companions of the boy regard him with various expressions, according to the ideas they entertain of the flagrancy or fun of the disturbance. There is one lad quite a study; a "good" boy, whose eyes are

fixed on the preacher, and who would have him believe that he never brought a top to church in his life. The engraving makes little pretensions to a work of Art, strictly so called, but it has in it an abundance of amusing character, and, as a cheap print, will find many desirous of possessing it.

THE ART OF PAINTING AND DRAWING IN COLOURED CRAYONS. By HENRY MURRAY. Published by WINSOR & NEWTON, London.

Messrs. Winsor & Newton have published a number of Handbooks, including almost every subject that comes within the domain of the Fine Arts, but the series would not be completed had they omitted to furnish a guide to the art of crayon painting, or pastel-painting, as it is now more generally called. This very pleasing method of producing pictures has been brought to great perfection by Mr. Bright, the landscape-painter; in figures, however, it has been but little practised in this country, though to a considerable extent in France. Mr. Murray's little treatise explains the best method of working the crayons, and preparing the various materials necessary for practising the art; the directions are concise but intelligible, and, we should think, amply sufficient for the purpose of the learner. An art so comparatively easy of execution, and producing such pleasing results in the hands of a moderate proficient, ought to find many desirous of practising it; to such we would strongly recommend Mr. Murray's little book.

THE ART OF FLOWER-PAINTING. By MRS. WILLIAM DUFFIELD. With Twelve Illustrations on Wood, engraved by DALZIEL. Published by WINSOR & NEWTON.

Another of Messrs. Winsor & Newton's Handbooks. Mrs. Duffield takes rank among our most accomplished flower-painters, and therefore may be regarded as an authority when she inculcates precepts having reference to an art which she practises so successfully. Her book professes to be nothing more than an elementary treatise in which instructions are submitted to the learner for painting a few flowers singly, with some general remarks as to grouping. So far as teaching without the aid of a master can be made effectual, the remarks of Mrs. Duffield will answer their proposed end.

PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS OF SEBASTOPOL, TAKEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE RETREAT OF THE RUSSIANS, SEPT. 8, 1855. By G. SHAW LEFEVRE. Published by J. HOGARTH, London.

Mr. Shaw Lefevre is an amateur photographer, who paid a visit to the Crimea in the autumn of last year, and has now published, at his own expense, a series of twelve photographic views; the profits arising from the sale of the work he purposes most appropriately to devote to the "Nightingale Fund." The series of pictures includes many of the most interesting points in Sebastopol and its immediate vicinity:—"The Glacis of the Redan from the Curtain of the Malakoff," "View of the Redan, looking towards the Great Ravine," "Carronade Battery—Sappers looking for Electric Wires," "View of the Russian Batteries behind the Redan," "The General's Bunk in the Redan," "Street in the Karabelniaia," "Interior of the White Tower in the Malakoff," "The 'Leander' at the entrance of Balaklava Harbour," &c. &c. The whole of these views are given with much clearness, and must afford a very faithful idea of the devastation and the bustle entailed by war. The name of the artist is deservedly honoured—near and far; and the younger branch of a renowned family upholds its high repute: there is something peculiarly gratifying in his thus giving to the world the results of his adventurous travel: and dedicating the fruits to the most interesting and important purpose that modern times have developed for the benefit of the age.

"I'M A-THINKING." Engraved by F. BACON from a Drawing by F. W. TOPHAM. Published by ACKERMANN & Co., London.

The subject of this pretty little print is, we should "think" a study from nature: a child, with a remarkably intelligent and pleasing face, has let the book she is reading drop on her lap, and, with her finger to her lip, seems meditating on something she has found in the volume she cannot quite understand. It is just one of those subjects which will enforce popularity from its simplicity, truth, and agreeable expression. The engraving, in a mixed style of line and mezzotint, is carefully executed by Mr. Bacon.

MISCELLANEA GRAPHICA: A COLLECTION OF ANCIENT MEDIEVAL AND RENAISSANCE REMAINS, IN THE POSSESSION OF THE LORD LONDONDUBOUGH. Illustrated by F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A. Part VIII. Published by CHAPMAN & HALL, London.

This very beautiful—and, to certain classes of Art-manufacturers, very useful—work, continues to make its appearance at intervals consistent with the careful execution of the plates. The first sheet in Part VIII. contains coloured fac-similes of Me-rovingian brooches, all of them of gold, or silver-gilt, inlaid with precious stones, and, in one or two instances, enriched with filigree ornaments. The second plate contains an engraving, very highly finished, of the miraculous bell of St. Muran, which, according to the Irish legend, is said to have descended from heaven, ringing loudly; "but as it approached the concourse of persons who had assembled at the miraculous warning, the tongue detached itself, and returned towards the skies; hence it was concluded that the bell was never to be profaned by sounding on earth, but was to be kept for purposes more holy and beneficial. This is said to have happened on the spot where once stood the famous Abbey of Fohan, near Innishowen, County Donegal, founded in the seventh century by St. Muran, or Muranus, during the reign of Abodh Slaine." The bell was for several centuries in the Abbey, and was used as a depository of various objects, held in especial veneration by the people: it ultimately fell into the possession of a poor peasant, residing in Innishowen, who sold it to Mr. Brown, of Beaumaris, from whom it was purchased by Lord Londonduborough, in 1855, for 80*l*. Its form is quadrangular, standing about six inches high. It is of bronze, ornamented with a tracery of Runie knots; over the surface plates of silver had been laid, at a subsequent period, as Mr. Fairholt thinks; these plates are embossed "in the style known to have prevailed in the eleventh century." The centre is adorned with a large crystal, and smaller gems have once been set in other vacant sockets round it; only one of amber now remains." The entire ornamentation of this antique relic is very similar to that which is found on the old Irish crosses.

The next plate contains five representations of ancient fire-locks, all of them richly chased and carved; one of these weapons, a "wheel-lock gun," was originally the property of Charles IX. of France; "it is traditionally reported to have been the gun he used in firing on his Huguenot subjects during the Massacre of St. Bartholomew." The last plate introduces some Roman bronzes, one of which, an archer, was found, by Mr. Chaffers, F.S.A., in Queen Street, Cheapside, in July, 1842, while some excavations were being carried on there. The Roman plough is a singular example of Art-manufacture, and the Lamp is very elegant; the latter bears the Christian monogram on its side.

ECCLESIASTES, OR THE PREACHER. By the Rev. A. A. MORGAN, M.A. Published by T. BOWORTH, London.

We can best describe the nature of this handsomely "got up" volume, by quoting its lengthy title:—"The Book of Solomon, called Ecclesiastes, or the Preacher, metrically paraphrased, and accompanied with an Analysis of the Argument: being a Translation of the Original Hebrew, according to the Interpretation of the Rabbinic Commentary of Mendelssohn, the Criticisms of Preston, and other Annotators. The subject newly arranged, with analytical headings to the sections." As an illustrated book, embellished with large woodcuts from some charming drawings by Mr. George Thomas, it calls for our notice rather than as an attempt to versify the "sayings of the Wise Man." As we hope, however, to introduce specimens of these illustrations into a future number, we reserve what we have to say, both as to text and the engravings.

A DICTIONARY OF GREEK AND ROMAN GEOGRAPHY. Edited by WM. SMITH, LL.D. Part XIII. Published by WALTON & MABERLY, London.

Dr. Smith's unwearied labours for many years in the cause of classical science are too well known and too highly appreciated to need any enforcement here. The dictionaries he has already completed are among the few books produced in our own day of flimsy literature that take rank with those which have received the award of scholars in past time. Sound as authorities, and scrupulously laborious as compilations, embracing the fruits of the latest researches in scholarship, this new addition will be welcomed beside its fellows. It is intended to be completed this year; and will be an indispensable guide to the student of classical topography.

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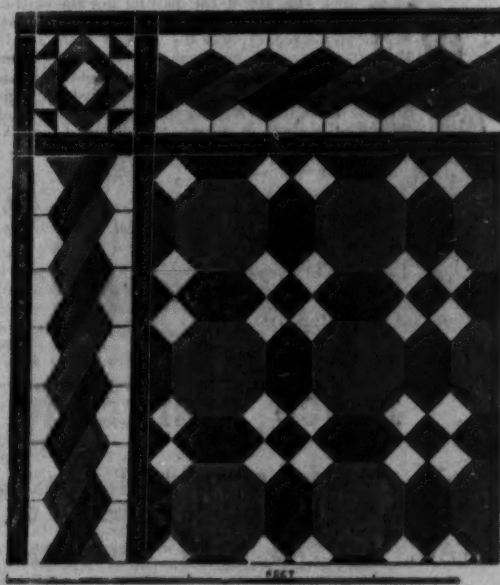
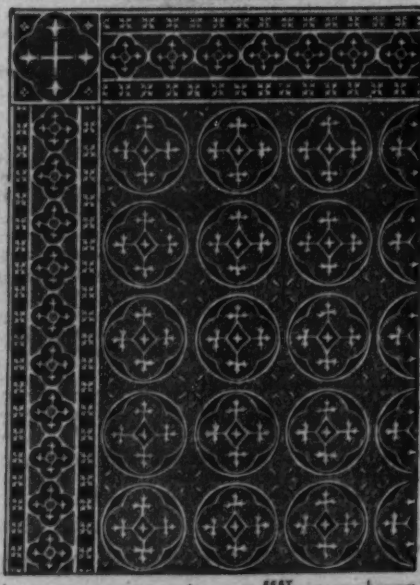
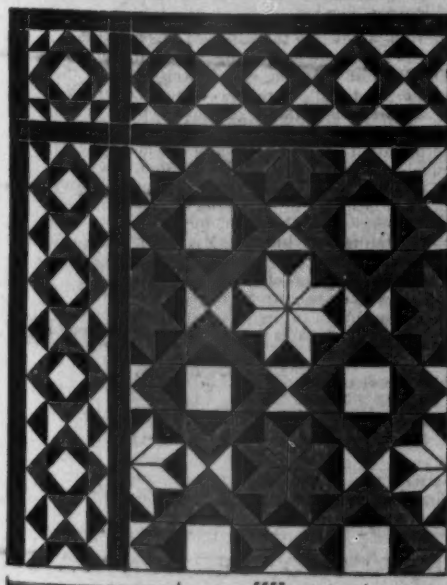
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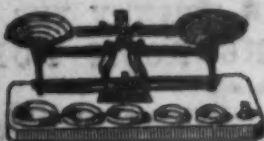
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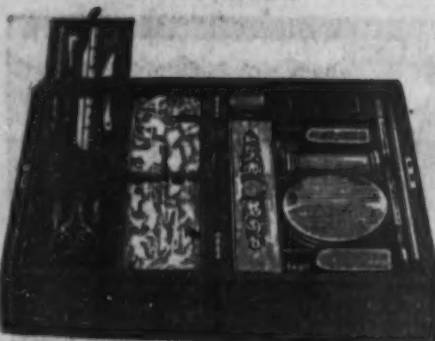
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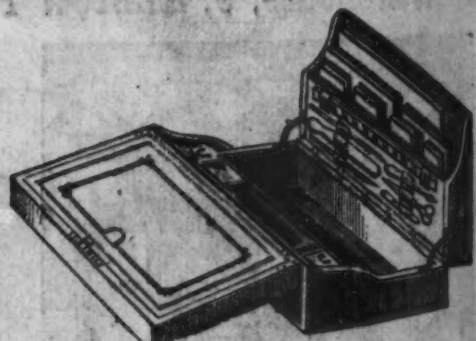


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